

Saint Andrew's College Review



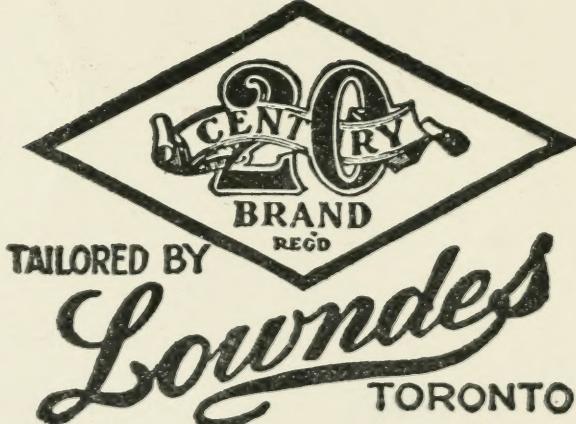
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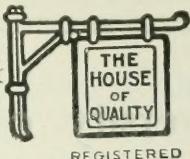
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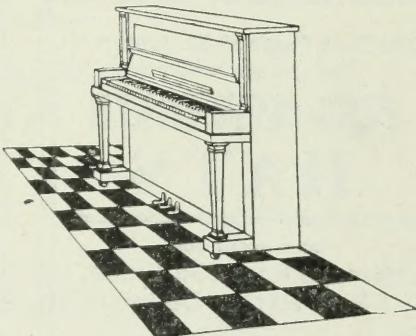
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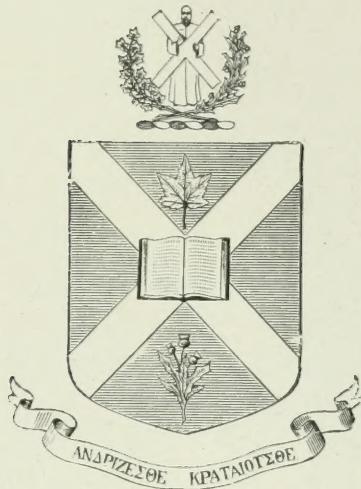
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The St. Andrew's College Review



Christmas, 1919

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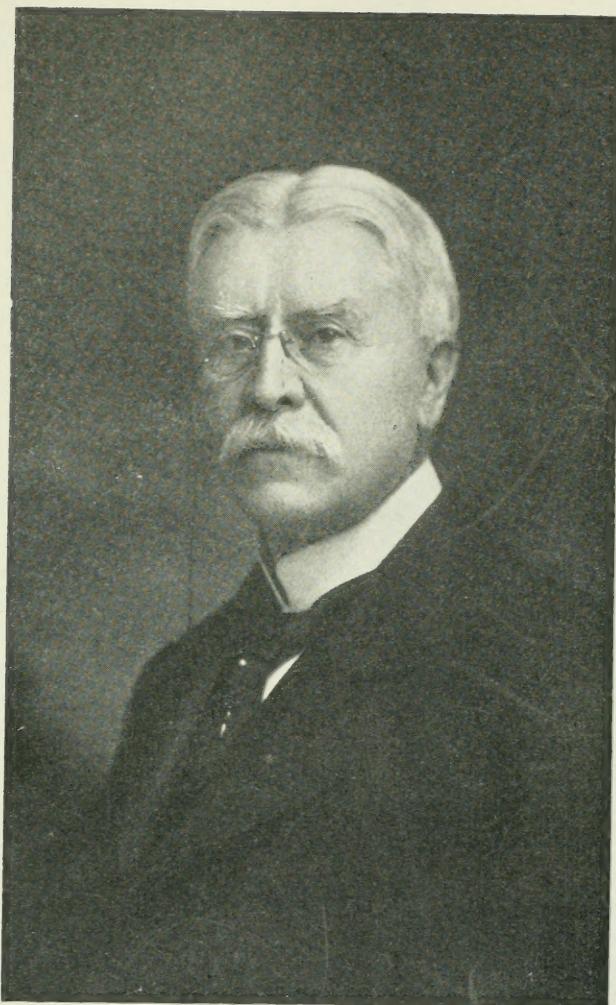
Issued by the Editorial Committee

EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER

Christmas 1919

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J. K. MACDONALD, ESQ.
Chairman of the Board of Governors.

St. Andrew's College Review

Christmas, 1919

EDITORIAL.

The Editorial Staff of 1919-20 has decided to confine the issues of the REVIEW, in general, to contributions from present Andreans, so that while an occasional article may be sought from a master or old boy, subsequent issues will resemble the present, in that the writers will be the boys themselves. By following this policy it is hoped that the contents will be more representative of the school itself, and not the work of a chosen few.

It is indeed with relief that we break away from the many war features, which of necessity appeared in the past issues of the REVIEW. As our readers will remember, extracts from the letters of Old Boys formed an interesting addition to our war number. We feel now, however, that we are justified in devoting our space to less heroic but happier themes.

Like hundreds of other Andreans, Mr. Church, obeying the call to duty, left his post as a master of the Lower School to join the "Tanks." His period of service was not very long, and with the declaration of peace he returned to the school to assume duties on the Upper House staff. He was indeed missed.

We take pleasure in welcoming Mr. Goodman and Mr. Fielding, who have been with us since September. The former has splendidly filled the position of Master of Science, while the latter, a graduate of the University of Toronto, has become assistant in Modern Languages.

As is customary each year the annual presentation of prizes was held on St. Andrew's Day. Among the many distinguished visitors present was the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Hendrie. While the college was in North Rosedale, His Honour took a very deep interest in all our activities, an interest which has not decreased since our departure, as both he and Lady Hendrie are usually present at St. Andrew's College functions; in fact, this was his last public appearance. We are sure that he will ever be regarded as a true friend of the college, for he has endeared himself to us in many ways.

The University authorities have made our life as guests most enjoyable. We have again been granted the use of the Stadium and Campus for sports. Owing to the large number of students in attendance at the University, now that the war is over, these playing fields have been required for Varsity men at the hour we had previously used them. As a result, our time-table suffered a radical change in that the recreation interval of nearly two hours occurred between the morning and afternoon sessions. Judging from currnt comments the plan has proved not only a benefit, but a welcome break in the school routine.

We cannot close without expressing our regret at losing Mr. Carmichael, both from the college staff and the editorial chair of the REVIEW, and we hope ere long to secure an article from his able pen.

The REVIEW wishes its many readers a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! May the new year bells for you and for us all

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

F. ROPER DAYMENT.

CHRISTMAS, 1919.

Syer: "I had a fall last night which rendered me unconscious for six hours."

Leckie: "Is that so, where did you fall?"

Syer: "I fell asleep."

Ferguson: "I've got a piece of soap which I've had half the Term."

Richardson: "Well, it's about time you returned it. Isn't it?"

Ashton (to girl friend): "I hadn't been talking to your father more than a couple of minutes when he called me a brainless idiot."

Girl: "I wonder what caused the delay."

Findlay 1: "Why did you take the last piece of chicken?"

Carrick 1: "Cause there wasn't any more on the plate."

HIS GREATEST GAME.

A. W. REYNOLDS.

Jack Squair was eighteen years of age, tall, broad-shouldered, and well-developed. As he stood behind his team-mates upon the campus of Ostermoor School, he attracted the attention of the on-lookers, as a very probable half-back for the school fourteen.

Each year on Thanksgiving Day Ostermoor played Hampden, a rival college, at Rugby. This game was the greatest sporting event in the school year, and each day the boys turned out en masse to watch the practice between the first and second squads.

As Squair would send the ball soaring into the air, or run with it for a touch against the opposing team, many decided that Hampden would have to produce a fine team to defeat a fourteen with a half like Squair.

The coach was enthusiastic over his team's chances. In three consecutive years Ostermoor had gone down ingloriously to defeat before the heavier Hampden team. Among the new boys much good material and football ability had been unearthed, and at last, after much hard work, a fine line and back division had been formed. From the coach to the smallest Lower School boy, Ostermoor was confident of turning the tables on their rivals.

For the Saturday preceding Thanksgiving, a match was arranged with a neighboring school. All went well until the quarter yelled a signal, the ball was scrimmaged and passed to Squair. Then to the amazement of all, he ran straight into the arms of an opposing wing and stopped dead. The quarter, thinking something had occurred to make the half falter, tried his play again. As before, Squair stopped before he could be tackled. Imagine how the realization of this went home to the coach and his team! There was only one conclusion,—Squair was yellow.

The team derided him, the coach implored him, but to no avail. He simply couldn't face a tackler. He always stopped.

Time went on, but no one could be found to take the big half's place. He was sorely needed, but it was folly to play with a half who could not be depended upon. In all the practices he played hard and well, but as soon as an opposing team lined up against him, his nerve seemed to leave him, and he was worse than useless.

On Friday night all was excitement. The list of players had

yet to be posted. All the boys were wondering who would represent Ostermoor on the morrow.

At last the acting captain came up to the little group of fellows, and amid great silence posted the line-up. There were fourteen regulars and five spares,—Squair was not on the list.

Thanksgiving Day dawned bright and clear. The air was crisp, and Ostermoor was in a fever of excitement. The Lower School boys had on their Eton suits and college caps to welcome their parents and friends, who would arrive at any time. The committee appointed to meet the Hampden team and supporters were arranging places for them upon the grand-stand.

In the dressing-room, however, everything was going wrong. The coach was depressed and the captain was talking to his team in a low voice. At last the coach got up, and to the surprise of all, suddenly said: "Bring Squair here!" A youngster who was preparing a rubbing lotion, ran up to the corridor and returned with the big half-back, scowling and sulky.

"Look here, Squair," said the coach. "You know no one can kick like you to-day, and we need you. You're a big, yellow quitter." He slapped Squair across his face. Everyone waited to see the result.

Finally, Squair spoke: "Coach, give me a chance to play to-day. It will be no fault of mine if we don't win, but afterwards I will lick you within an inch of your life. You will be sorry you insulted me like this."

The coach was overjoyed, not because he relished the thrashing (he knew quite well it could be administered) but at least Squair was fighting mad. The hopes of Ostermoor rose.

* * * * *

The grand stands were filled with anxious supporters. The last quarter was on. With but two minutes to go Ostermoor was fighting desperately on her twenty-five yard-line to hold Hampden from adding to her lead of four points. Everyone was silent as the little line in green and white formed up against the Hampden fourteen. "Last down—three yards to go!" shouted the referee. Hampden was held, and the ball passed to Ostermoor. The quarter looked around at Squair, and seemed to read something in the half-back's eyes. He gave his signal; the ball passed to Squair. He hit the opposing line with every ounce of his great strength, lunging, fighting and bleeding he plunged in. At last he was clear of the line. A half-back made a flying tackle but failed. An open field was before him. Using all his remaining strength he crossed the

Hampden line. Ostermoor had won by one point. Squair heard the cheering and was happy. He had proved himself a true Ostermoorian.

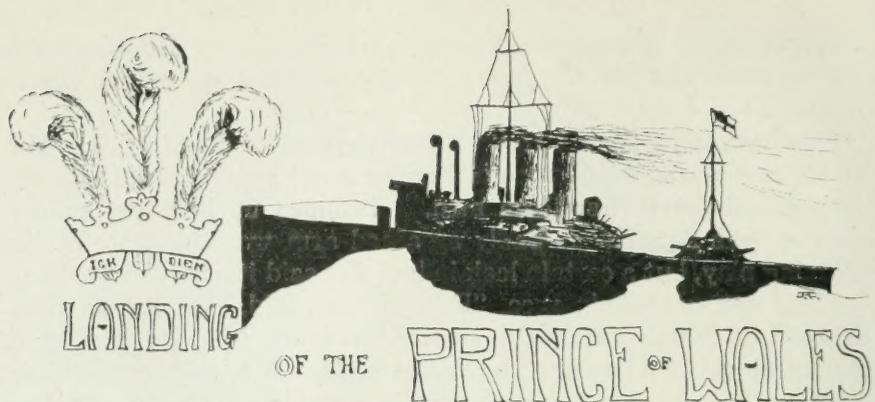
That evening in his room a great crowd had gathered. The coach, and acting captain were there, and numerous bandaged arms proclaimed other first team men. Propped up amongst sundry pillows was Squair. A badly sprained arm was the price of his winning play, but a certain look in his eyes said it was well worth it.

The acting captain rose, "Fellows," he said, "we are all cads. Instead of Squair being the quitter we called him, he is a hero. As acting captain I resign and nominate Squair to be our leader, as soon as he recovers." A rousing cheer showed the approval of all and the star half-back was elected captain. Everyone was happy, including the coach, who had escaped a severe licking, but happiest of all was Squair, who had proved himself a man.

—Ex.



"MONTY" MONTGOMERY
Successful Captain of McGill First Team 1919
S.A.C. 1909-1912.



OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

R. H. ANDERSON.

It was on August 16th, that the Prince of Wales first set foot on Canadian soil, when through a thick fog and mist H. M. S. Dragon and Dauntless slipped silently past Partridge Island and anchored in the harbor of St. John, N.B.

For a week previous to this historic event, moving-picture men, camera men and tourists from all parts of Canada flocked to the landing place of the heir-apparent, and all the hotels were packed to their utmost capacity, while stores, and public buildings were literally covered with bunting and flags. At the head of King street a beautiful arch had been erected, comment on and pictures of which were published in nearly all the newspapers of the Dominion, while several smaller arches were placed along the line of route. These were, for the most part, erected by private concerns, and were beautifully decorated.

At eleven o'clock precisely, the Prince landed, and by means of an electric signal, a royal salute of twenty-one guns boomed out, and was answered by another salute from H. M. S. Dragon.

On the docks many of the leaders of Canada were present, including the Governor-General, his A.D.C., Lord Minto, Sir Robert Borden, Sir George Foster, the Hon. Robert Foster, and the Mayor of St. John. Eleven charming young ladies also represented the provinces and St. John city, while a chorus of a thousand voices sang "O Canada!"

On leaving the docks the route led along Prince William street, where the car had to stop, while the mounted policemen opened a path through the cheering mass of people, who were blocking the road, so anxious were they to see their future king.

The Prince at last reached the armory, where he presented the colors to the Twenty-Sixth New Brunswick Battalion. He was next driven to the club for luncheon, and then to the reception at Rothesay, the summer resort of the inner circle, where Government House is situated.

The Prince is but twenty-four years of age, but looks much younger. As a boy he attended Eton College, where he did some cricketing, but was much fonder of golf, and every day he could be seen riding to the golf links with his clubs over his shoulder.

He served several years in the war, although he was not allowed to join the army on account of objections raised by Kitchener till late in 1915, when he received a commission, and went to the front as a staff officer, having some very narrow escapes, and he has shown his courage in more ways than one while serving under General Sir Arthur Currie in the heroic Canadian Corps.

In 1919 he was appointed Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, and also Admiral of the fleet.

Since arriving in Canada the Prince has shown his physical stamina in the fine way he has borne the strain, while most of the men on his staff have broken down, although he has partially lost the use of his right hand from shaking hands so much.

In the evening the Prince boarded his ship, and as silently as they had come, these watch-dogs of the British navy slipped through the mist and disappeared, but the people of New Brunswick will not quickly forget the visit of the "Fighting Prince."

"Sir, I wish to make your daughter my wife," said the young man.

The old man hesitated. "Hadn't you better see her mother first?" he asked gently, after thinking a moment.

"I have seen her mother, and it doesn't make any difference—I'll take the chance."

Master: "Ellis, I had a letter regarding the parcel you sent for me; everything in it was broken. Are you sure you printed, 'With care—this side up,' on the top?"

Ellis: "Yes, sir, and for fear of them not seeing it on the top, I also printed it on the bottom."

Editor: "We can't publish stuff like this; it's an escape of gas."

Poet Carson: "Ah, I see! Something wrong with the metre!"

THE COLLEGE STREET HOUSE.

E. GERALD SMITH.

Last year it was decided by the governors of Knox College that they would this session require the East House of the Knox College Building as a residence for their students. It therefore was apparent that we must find quarters for the middle school fellows within a reasonable distance of the main building. One of the Queen's Hall buildings on the corner of College Street and the approach to the University was deemed satisfactory, and was accordingly turned over as one of the residences of St. Andrew's College.



THE COLLEGE STREET HOUSE

This house had originally been a private residence, and, it is quite evident, was one of the finest residences in this part of the city. It is of yellow brick, high-roofed, more or less rambling, and typically nineteenth century in construction and design. There is a great deal of space set aside as kitchen and what was evidently servants' quarters, while in the high-walled yard, behind the house is the inevitable stable. The rooms inside are high-ceilinged and everywhere one looks are stairs of some kind. If it is not possible to get in a real flight that makes one gasp for breath, one or two odd steps are stuck in in the darkest corners and recesses

of the halls. Until the lay-out of these many stairs was firmly fixed in the minds of all there were a few sore shins and stubbed toes, and some of the language that too frequently accompanies such accidents could be heard sometimes where it was not meant to be.

With the exception of one large room, the study, the ground floor is used by Col. and Mrs. Taylor, and the College Street House matron. On the first floor are about eight rooms with from two to five beds and two masters' rooms occupied by Mr. Laidlaw and Mr. Fielding. There are three rooms in the top flat and up a short flight of stairs is a large garret, which is used as a trunk room.

Undoubtedly the fellows living in this house should be about as healthy as possible, if fresh air has anything to do with it. It is necessary to walk or sometimes run over to the main building for breakfast and then back and forth before school. Occasionally it rains between the school and the "House," but that does not make the walk any shorter, and when after a hard night's snow it will be necessary to plow over for breakfast the real fun will begin.

One of the greatest advantages of living in the "House" is that there is a certain atmosphere of homeliness about the place that cannot be derived from the grey walls and lead windows of Knox; moreover, it is possible to indulge in a real bath and not to be compelled to use a shower continually.

The position of the "House" offers greater facilities for midnight walks down town than can be found up here, but one or two of the fellows had it impressed upon them that this plan is not advisable.

Ferguson: "Cameron, did you take my picture to the Exhibition?"

Cameron: "Yes, it seemed to please everyone."

Ferguson: "What did they say?"

Cameron: "They didn't say anything; just laughed heartily."

Mr. Goodman: "What motive led to the invention of railroads?"

Black: "The loco-motive."

Mr. Tudball: "What is a synonym?"

Third Former: "It is a word you can use in place of another one, when you don't know how to spell the other one."

H. M. C. S. VIGILANT.

C. M. MACPHERSON.

The Vigilant is a twin-screw, third-class battle cruiser, built in 1901, by the Canadian Government for the protection of Canadian fisheries on the Great Lakes.

It is one hundred and eighty-seven feet long and formerly was mounted with four quick-firers, two aft and two forward, but owing to trouble arising from the sinking of an American tug, these guns were taken off. Rifles and revolvers are the only firearms carried at present.

The Vigilant carries a uniformed crew of thirty-five and is capable of going eighteen knots, which is sufficient speed to overtake any American tug.

The boat is at no time under any special orders, but entirely under the command of the captain. As far as possible the movements of the boat are kept a secret in order to catch the Americans unawares on the Canadian side of the boundary line. As the Vigilant is a coal-burning boat it produces a very dense smoke, which on a clear day may be seen for many miles. Owing to this very few American tugs are ever encountered, as they usually draw as many nets as possible, then run for their own side of the line. A few of the more daring sometimes remain which was the case in 1912, when a tug was sunk and one man drowned.

Usually, however, the Vigilant has to be content with the fish and nets of the Americans. These are sold to the Canadian fishermen.

As Lake Erie is the principal fishing grounds the Vigilant very seldom moves off that lake, but during the past season it was down the St. Lawrence, as far as Prescott and north on Georgian Bay to Collingwood, on two different trips.

In many respects the discipline on the boat is much like that of boarding school. The captain and officers correspond to the Headmaster and Masters, and the quarter-masters to the prefects.

In place of being soaked detention they log you for a certain period: that is, you may not go ashore until your log is up. The crew is divided into two watches, starboard and port. When running, each watch is on duty four hours and off four hours, but when in port one watch is allowed ashore each night. Many ingenious plans are devised to skip ashore when it is the other

watch's night off. One plan the would-be deserter often adopts is to take his bed up on the boat-deck with his civilian clothes rolled up inside. After the officer has made his rounds, he gets dressed in his civies and crawls out over the canvas awning and on to the bow of the boat. He then works his way to the dock over the numerous head lines.

All are supposed to be aboard by eleven o'clock, but by crawling over the dock lines it is usually very easy to evade the quarter-master.

The hardest jobs on the boat are those of firemen and coal passers. They work in four-hour shifts and besides doing the hardest work have to put up with the coal-gas and soot. After every trip the flues need to be cleaned, which is an additional hour's work after they reach port.

The Vigilant goes into commission on April 17, and goes into dry dock for the winter about December 21. During the summer months life on board the boat is very enjoyable, but in the early spring and late fall washing down decks about six-thirty in the morning is by no means pleasant.

PRIZE DAY.

(WRITTEN AFTER ATTENDING THE PRIZE DAY OF ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, 1919.)

Through the grey cloister—up the wide stone stair—
Into the place of Worship and Prayer.
The chapel was diffused with amber light,
Which mingled with the shades of coming night.
With mellow tones the organ softly pealed.
St. Andrew's cross waved on its crimson field.
In came the boys; upon each manly face
The pride of his own school and his own race.
As each lad's name was called to take his prize,
A light of joy shone clear within his eyes.
In after years how oft this scene will be
Enacted once again—in memory.
Oh! may these lads forever do their best
Hold high St. Andrew's honour—stand Life's test.

MYRTLE CORCORAN-WATTS.

ARMISTICE DAY.

A. J. APPLEGATH I.

November eleventh! Upon hearing this date one's thoughts return to the greatest day of 1918, when the great world war of four and one-half years was ended,—Armistice Day.

On that memorable day every city in the Dominion was in a turmoil with its celebrating citizens crowded on the streets with every available instrument with which to make a noise.

The first anniversary of Armistice Day saw an entirely different situation from that of the day of the previous year. For two minutes throughout the entire British Empire there reigned absolute quiet.

Every man, woman and child stopped in his or her work and stood in reverent silence.

The heavy motor truck approaching the corner of Queen and Yonge streets drew in to the curb, as the City Hall clock struck the hour, and waited with its engine purring softly.

The bank manager hurrying around the corner of King and Yonge streets, stood, with bared head, with the rest of his fellow citizens.

As the third stroke of the clock was heard a messenger boy, whose bicycle had skidded across the wet road, stood with one foot on his pedal, the other on the road.

The old grey-headed lady was also to be seen, perhaps, thinking of a son lying buried in France, as the hour of eleven was tolled.

The street cars with their clanging bells ceased moving, while the two-minute interval was observed.

The two minutes at an end, a motor horn sounded, the newsboy yelled out his daily editions, the street car bells clanged and once more the city of Toronto was in its daily stride.

That is the manner in which Toronto observed the Proclamation of the King.

Now, let us look back to Armistice Day in Belgium, 1918, within the deserted grounds of a chateau. The woodland was losing its autumn color, the tall poplars, which fringed the roadway, were bare; only the wind rustling through the dead leaves broke the silence.

No crash of artillery, and no rumble of distant thunder was heard from down the line, but across the noonday stillness came

the pealing of the bells of Mons. The task was finished and doom had come to the lines of Hapsburg and Hohenzollern.

The refugees streamed along the road, their faces pinched, but pitifully happy, bearing over their shoulders what heavy blankets they were able to carry. Old men and women came limping along, ahead of them the children shouting joyously. All were plodding homeward, but had they a home?—the pile of stones, that was once Ypres, the shell of the smouldering fires of Cambrai, the bulk that was Arras! One day these people would return; that day had come!

The battalion marching along the narrow road lined with those tall poplar trees, halted in its line of march and broke off to the side of the road.

All kit was thrown in scattering heaps and the men gathered together in little groups to talk it over; others went off by themselves and sat thinking what it all meant.

The sergeant-major threw off his Sam Browne and laid his revolver on it beside him. The colonel dismounted, scratched a match on the rough under surface of his saddle and lighted a cigarette.

There was no cheering. To those in the base camps, those on leave in Paris or London, and to those at home was left the wild exultation of victory. The troops up the line did not celebrate, not then at least.

To every man's mind came a picture of the muddy slopes of Passchendaele, or a cluster of stretchers outside an aid-post off the Cambrai road. This occasion was too great for rejoicing. The day had come at last. To-night no stretcher-bearers would be carrying their heavy burdens to the dressing stations, no slow and painful pilgrimages down the line.

Across the world where all men grieved came the first beams of the dawn of peace. That night was the end of the war.

Mr. Laidlaw: "If you work as hard as you do, you'll die in the harness, Thorley."

Thorley: "Yes, sir, I think I will."

Mr. Laidlaw: "But the harness will have slipped around your neck."

McKay: "He's a wonderful mind-reader. He told me everything in my mind in four or five minutes."

Marsh: "Yes, a fine mind reader, but slow."

LE CHATEAU DE CHILLON.

J. H. INGS.

Towards the eastern end of the Lake of Geneva, about six miles beyond Vevey, lies the isolated rock upon which the Château de Chillon has been built.

As one approaches the Château from the west one is impressed by the wonderful view. In the far background rises an imposing mountain, the Dent du Midi, covered with snow and glaciers from time immemorial. In the nearer distance stand smaller ranges



LE CHATEAU DE CHILLON

covered with evergreen, while in the valley between them the winding, surging Rhone empties into the lake.

The Château would have been impregnable in the Middle Ages, for it stands upon a rock twenty-two feet from the shore and was then connected with it only by a wooden bridge with a draw. The gateway, over which is the coat-of-arms of the Canton de Vaud, was

further protected by a portcullis. The natural moat formed by the lake is deep and impassable. The walls facing the shore are of great strength, while the square "keep" overlooks all.

The date when a building was first erected is unknown owing to its great antiquity, but it is thought to have been built by the Romans.

In the ninth century they, the Romans, tore down the original building and erected the first fortress, but it was not yet known by its comparatively modern name of Chillon. Some of the original arches and pillars are still in existence. Little is known of this early Roman fortress, as nearly all data and stories about it are legendary or unproved. Then in 1238 A.D., under the name of Chillon, Amadeus IV., Duke of Savoy, restored and enlarged the old fortress putting it in its present condition.

Many and varied were the uses to which the castle was turned. The Dukes of Savoy, who controlled it through the residing Counts of Savoy, employed it as a private prison, for ridding themselves of undesirable subjects.

Perhaps the most famous of these so-called undesirables was François Bonivard, the prior of St. Victor, son of the Lord de Lune. Bonivard upheld the founding of a Genevan republic, and was several times imprisoned. At last in 1530 A.D. he rose in arms and led a rebellion against the oppressive Duke of Savoy, then in power; but he was doomed to failure, for falling into his enemy's hands, he was taken to Chillon and there imprisoned. In one of the low-vaulted castle dungeons he was chained to a pillar, but given sufficient freedom to walk a short distance. One of the most interesting points of this old castle is the short path worn by this man's incessant walking of which Byron wrote:—

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar,—far 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
By Bonivard!—may none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

—The Prisoner of Chillon.

There were two kinds of dungeons in this castle; first the huge, low-vaulted main dungeon into which the daylight can penetrate. This long hall was for ordinary prisoners, offenders against the government, like Bonivard. Second, there were the grim, damp cells, carved from the solid rock, far below the surface of the lake. These were for those unfortunates doomed to disappear for ever from the outer world.

At one end of the main dungeon there is a strong, thick, wooden door, which leads to the small triangular torture chamber, with its hideously scored central post. On one side is a small fireplace for heating the various instruments of torture. Between this fireplace and a small window is a narrow niche in the wall, from which hangs a chain and by means of this the prisoner's arms were tied above his head.

In connection with the torture chamber a very curious custom was practised: the night before a prisoner was to be tortured he must sleep on a stone bed, carved from the rock foundation of the castle. Moreover, to further increase the discomfort, the bed is inclined at an angle and roughened so that sleep is almost impossible, the prisoner thus being practically forced to think of the ordeal of the morrow.

From the torture chamber a passage leads to one of the small turrets facing the lake. In the floor of this turret is a square hole, and on looking down one may see water; so naturally one thinks that this is a well of some kind, but on inquiring one is horrified to learn that prisoners were thrown down head-first; there are numerous sharp projections all the way down, so that the victim is helpless when he strikes the water.

In one corner of the castle is a huge stairway, which is really a terrible lottery of death, for one of the steps is hinged so that the slightest pressure causes it to fall from its place. Down these steps is forced the prisoner, knowing that one step leads to death. If he reached the bottom safely he was at once liberated; but if he stepped on the unlucky stone he fell through the trap into a reservoir of water.

The Château de Chillon is one of Switzerland's oldest castles, yet it is but one of many, equally ancient and interesting. Its site, however, is perhaps the most beautiful of all, for the blue lake below and the snow-capped mountains above form a wonderful contrast.

Macpherson: "Where is my checked coat?"

Lady Friend: "Where did you check it?"

The Girl: (Rather bored and sleepy at 11.30 p.m.)—"I don't know a thing about baseball."

Loomis: "Let me explain it to you."

The Girl: "Very well. Give me an illustration of a home run."

CARDINAL MERCIER.

F. ROPER DAYMENT.

During a period of over four years, in which Germany ruled the greater part of Belgium with a mailed fist, thousands of the oppressed found inspiration in the words of Cardinal Mercier, "Right violated is still right; injustice supported by might is still injustice." Patriotism and religion were never found before so closely allied as in this courageous prelate, for each one of his pastoral letters and sermons was given in defiance of the German authorities, who feared him as much as the Belgian army.

In 1914, soon after the invasion, Pope Pius X. died. This necessitated a meeting of the College of Cardinals at Rome, at which Benedict XV. was chosen as successor. Then the news of the destruction of the Louvain Cathedral reached him, and his feelings were expressed in the famous letter, "Patience and Endurance," which has had world-wide publication.

Desideratus Felician François Joseph Mercier was born in Braine d'Allud, a little town near Waterloo, on November 22, 1851. His uncle immigrated to America in 1859, and became known as the "Saint of Oregon" on account of his missionary work. The father and mother were typical Belgian folk, simple, honest, and home-loving.

His early education was obtained at Malines in St. Rombout's College and the diocesan seminary, from which place he graduated as an ordained priest in 1874. Then his love for philosophy led him to accept the chair at Malines Seminary, after studying theology at Louvain University. His teaching did not end here, but it proved to be rather a preparation for his great work as professor of Thomistic Philosophy at Louvain.

In 1886 Mercier was appointed domestic prelate by Pope Leo XIII., and as a result became the head of a diocese. His fame as a philosopher had been increased by the publication of two books, Logic and Criteriology, and when it was suggested that he be placed at the head of an arch-diocese, people considered it a shame that he should be taken from his life work. However, he was able to remain in the chair at Louvain as well as take up his new duties. As Cardinal he holds the position of spiritual head of over two and a half million Catholics.

When the war clouds of 1914 broke, and Germany began to crush Belgium, the Cardinal's grief was extreme, for he was then away from his people, and had received word that the Louvain University, where he had taught for over twenty-five years, was being destroyed, shot by shot. His return to them was celebrated with rejoicing, and he boldly preached on Christmas Day to the thousands assembled to hear him. The result of this sermon was that German officers demanded an explanation of his actions and Governor von Bissing made him a prisoner by guarding the episcopal palace for four days. Mercier afterwards said, "A display of weakness incites violence from the Germans, but moral resistance creates respect and fear."

In July, 1916, the Brussels Cathedral was crowded with eager spectators awaiting to hear the "fighting cardinal." At last he appeared and his clear voice rang out, "My children, never bend your necks to the conqueror! Hold steadfast your faith in God and in the day of your final liberation!" For two years the Hun had held Belgium in martyrdom and now that her body was crushed was more than ever confident that her spirit would be broken. But the pent-up feelings of the multitude now broke loose, and in spite of the Germans they cried the forbidden, "Vive le roi! Vive monseigneur." Back to Malines went the Cardinal, and as he left they realized that they might never see him again.

Deportations of Belgians to work beyond the Rhine began, and Mercier raised his voice in protest, saying to von Bissing, "This is no longer war; it is an attack on Humanity." As a result Berlin requested the Pope to recall the Cardinal, but no definite steps were taken.

It was such a man that Toronto honoured as guest on October fifteenth. The University conferred on him the honorary title of Doctor of Laws. While touring America Cardinal Mercier does not come as a representative of his church, but rather as a noble representative of the Belgian people.

Master: "What words may be pronounced quicker and shorter by adding syllables to them?"

Peene: "Quick and short, sir."

Syer: "They tell me that when you were out hunting the other day you hit the bull's-eye."

Leckie: "Yes, and I had to pay for the bull, too."



UPPER SCHOOL INITIATION

PREFACE:

Let it be known to you, gentle readers, especially those among you who at some future date expect to be among the poor unfortunates who attend this school, that I am, in this article, giving away secrets, for your benefit, which have never before, in the history of the school, come to the eyes of the public. These secrets are of such great importance that, were it to become known who the author of this article was, his life wouldn't be worth a moment's notice.

Do not think for a moment, dear friends, that I am going to give away these facts openly. That would be very unwise. For then would I really be running a terrible risk. No! I value my life more highly than to throw it away, if some other means can be found to get around this difficulty. So, dear readers, you will have to read between the lines of this article and pick out for yourselves the spots where danger lurks. I am sure you will be able to do this, because any person wishing even to enter this school must possess an unusual amount of brain power. Consequently, my article will serve a double purpose. In the first place, if you are *very* clever you will be able to understand me, and thus profit by it. Secondly, if you cannot get the point I am labouring to make clear, you will understand that your case is hopeless and will then not even bother sending in an application to this school.

I am trying in every manner possible to cover my tracks. This little preface, which I have written in good English so that those in charge of the REVIEW cannot understand it, I have induced the editor to print by handing over to him my large weekly allowance. The rest of the article I shall write in ordinary English, so that all can read and understand. If I am found out, however, and should

suffer the punishment inflicted upon those who willingly divulge these secrets, I hope that you will not forget the service I have rendered; and that for ages to come my name shall be known to generations yet unborn as the name of one who died for his fellows.

* * * * *

Among the many great tests and trials through which each man must go during his lifetime, there is no other which even equals his initiation into some schools. We are, however, very pleased to state that the initiation into St. Andrew's College is far from being a trial, but is, on the other hand, of inestimable value to the students. This is the case, although many who have gone through it have said, that if they had known the experiences through which they would have to pass they would have remained at home and wielded the axe or carried the hod. But I am quite sure that the advantages of this experience are vastly greater than the disadvantages. I am positive you will feel just as I do when you have finished reading this article.

Usually about two weeks after the opening of the fall term, you will notice groups of fellows, whom you have been taught to term "old boys," standing around in different places discussing something which from the expressions on their faces you would naturally suppose was very serious. So it is. But not so serious for them as it will prove to be for you. That is the time, my lad, to have your trousers reinforced and your voice in the best of condition. (For this purpose we would suggest the washing of the throat and mouth every evening with a solution of salt and water.

Perhaps on that evening or some evening in the near future an innocent-looking crowd of fellows will mount the stairs as though looking around for something to eat. (This, I may say, in passing, is a favourite pastime for S. A. C. fellows.) They will enter one of the rooms and kindly request the occupants of said room to remove themselves as quickly and quietly as possible. The room chosen is one as remote from the masters' room as can possibly be found. The reason for this precaution we have not as yet been able to ascertain. Everybody's presence will then be requested in this room. Not all at once, but one by one.

As you are patiently waiting your turn you will hear strange noises coming from this room, but be of good cheer, you will soon find out the origin of these sounds.

As you enter the room you will be kindly requested to deposit yourself on one of the tables in such a manner that your feet will be on the surface and your head near the ceiling. Here is where the first advantage is shown. You will graciously be asked to sing a

number of different songs containing a variety of notes. Those listening have a very keen ear for music and will quietly inform you when you are not singing in just the proper manner. Thus you have your voice tested in much the same way as an expert musician would test it and without paying a cent.

St. Andrew's students are required to be dressed in the best of materials, and, it is left to the older students to test the clothing worn by the new boys. They are in good position to know good clothing when they see it, as they have worn the best of tested clothing for many years. The tests are really very simple. You are asked to bend over the end of the bed and many forces are brought into play, including friction, percussion, and compression. It is a very thorough test, as anyone who has gone through it will inform you.

These two experiments are usually completed in one evening. After they are over the kindhearted chaps try to tidy the room and leave it in something like the same state in which they found it, as it is somewhat upset since the undertakings require a great deal of bustling and jumping around, and the bringing into use of many slippers and belts and other articles of like character.

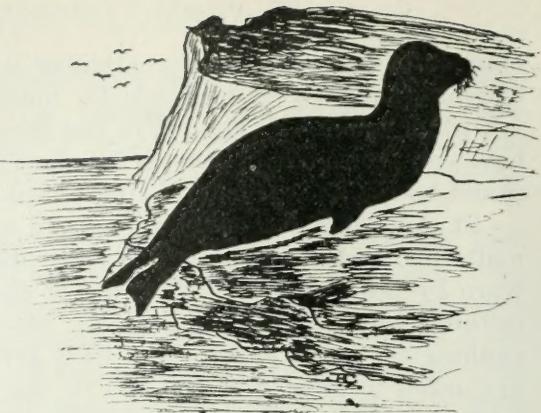
The following day sees the rest of the tests run off. Among the many other things examined, your nose comes in for a great deal of attention. Your nose must be of just a certain shape. If it is not just correct you are given exercises for fixing it. This is really killing two birds with one stone, as your nose is improved and incidentally the gymnasium floor receives a thorough sweeping and polishing.

The other examinations are not of such great importance, but we will just touch on them. To test your sense of touch, both in your fingers and other parts of your body, you are set to find a coin on a large surface of the floor, with your eyes blindfolded. Your intuition also goes under examination when you are blindfolded in the middle of a ring of fellows with boxing gloves tied to strings. These they swing around and you are suppose to tell by instinct who it was that hit you. This is very easy and also quite interesting as is very evident.

After all these tests have been registered you are admitted as a first-class scholar of the school.

Do not think, dear reader, that the old boys enjoy putting new boys through these examinations. To them it is more of a duty than a pleasure, and, as S. A. C. boys are always ready to do their duty—well, they do it.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND SEAL - FISHERY -



D. H. ELLIS.

About the middle of the nineteenth century some Newfoundland merchants equipped, and sent out a few small sailing vessels in search of seals, which were brought down in large numbers on the great ice-fields every spring. Since that time the sealing industry has grown to such an extent, that before the war seven large and powerful ice-breakers, and about fifteen smaller steamers every year left port to carry on the fishing.

Towards the end of February the sealing steamers are provisioned and coaled for the voyage. The crew is not signed on until March 6th or 7th. Each steamer carries from one hundred and fifty to two hundred men. These men do not receive any fixed pay, only getting at the end of the voyage a certain proportion of the total profit. On March 12th, the steamers leave port and steer for the Funk Islands, where the seals are usually found. Even if the seals are found they are not allowed to kill them until the 15th.

These seals, which are of the hair species, are found on the ice-floes which are carried down from the Arctic Ocean by the Labrador current. The young seals, or whitecoats as they are called, are born on the ice about the first week in March. They grow very quickly and when they are killed the pelts, that is the fat and skin, weigh from forty to fifty pounds. The animals are found in large herds often containing from twenty to forty thousand seals.

When the sealers reach the "patch" the crew are put on the ice in batches from twenty to thirty. The men are armed with a long pole called a gaff, a skinning-knife, and a tow-rope.

Each man kills as many young seals as he can, either by a kick or by a blow from his gaff. He then skins them, taking only the

fat and skin and leaving the carcass behind. It is cruel work as the baby seals cry like children and often the seal is only stunned while his pelt is being taken off. The pelts are then put into piles called pans; the flag of the ship to which they belong is then put on top, and the first two or three letters of the ship's name, or the captain's initials are cut into the fat of the top seals. In this way many thefts have been discovered because the mark goes right through the fat and is left on the hide as if marked with indelible ink.

Often as many as six thousand seals are killed and panned by the crew of a single ship in a day. If the seals are scattered over the ice the men kill as many as they can and skin them, then haul them by means of the tow rope to the nearest pan, which is often five or six miles away.

If the steamer can, she steams around and picks up her pans, but often they are lost by the ice breaking up or by being stolen by some other steamer's crew. The pelts are taken on board and stowed away in the hold of the steamer, ice being put with them to keep them in condition.

The dangers which face the sealers are many. They may be cut off from their ship by running ice, or the ice breaking up, or be overtaken by a sudden storm, as in 1914, when fifty of them were frozen to death. Their ship may be crushed by the ice and leave them hundreds of miles from the land on the open ice. Frequently they die of pneumonia brought on by colds contracted from falling into the ice-cold water while crossing from one pan to another. Sometimes they are bitten by an infuriated mother-seal whose baby they have just killed.

When the ship has taken as many seals as she can hold, or can get, she is headed for port. On reaching port the seals are landed and weighed and the crew paid off each sealer often getting one hundred dollars for three weeks' work.

The pelts are then taken to the skinners, who cut off the rolls of fat, which is taken to a machine which cuts it up and crushes it. The crushed fat is then steamed and the oil is run into large vats, which are under glass roofs where the oil is purified by the sun. What is left of the fat or blubber, as it is called, is made into fertilizer.

The hides are salted down and sent to the United States, where they are manufactured into leather goods.

The fishery brings to Newfoundland every year about one and a half million dollars and employs some three thousand men during the slack months of the spring.

THE LITTLE BIG FOUR.

GORDON THORLEY.

It was in 1890 that Upper Canada College of Toronto and Trinity College School of Port Hope commenced to play annual football games with each other. In 1891 Ridley College, St. Catharines, joined the former two, thus making a three-cornered series. The teams played annual matches with one another, but there was no recognized championship emblem, as the three schools played only when convenient and not according to schedule as at present. Hence, at first, there was not a league, but merely a series of games among these three schools. When St. Andrew's joined the group, however, matters were greatly changed, as there were now four teams, that is, enough to form a working league.

St. Andrew's College first came into existence in September, 1899, but not till the fall of 1900 did they play football with any of the other three colleges. During that year they met Upper Canada and Ridley, making a very good showing indeed for a school only one year old. In 1901 they had but one game—that with Upper Canada College. In 1903, however, great activity was shown, the four colleges arranging to have matches among themselves, and in this way they became better known in football circles. In fact, these matches were known to the public as the Big Four series, by which name they were called until the formation of the Interprovincial Football Union—spoken of now as the Big Four. Our college league, therefore, had to seek a new name and in 1907 adopted that of the Little Big Four to distinguish it from the senior Big Four—Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa and Montreal.

From 1907 on, meetings were called each autumn, which representatives from the four schools attended, to draw up a schedule and to discuss any proposed changes in the playing regulations. The Intercollegiate rules being adopted with modifications from time to time, such as: Elimination of all formations with two or more men “locked” starting behind the scrimmage-line; and absolutely no interference plays. Each of the colleges had its various vicissitudes in the winning of the championship from this date till 1914, and no one school may be singled out as holding that honor more than any of the other, for during this period it fell about equally among all four.

Commencing with 1915 slight changes were noticed in the teams, inasmuch as younger players received their "colors," as the older, in place of coming to college, had enlisted, or had not finished their course when they did come back in the fall. The war, however, did not make any serious break in this school group, as it had done with all the senior teams, for the average age of the players was between 17 and 18. It was on this account that the league was able to operate so successfully during the years 1916, '17, '18, when practically all other football clubs had to suspend their activities. Thus we received more publicity than formerly and consequently numerous spectators were attracted to our games, who before had known little or nothing about our existence.

During the autumn of 1918, on account of the influenza epidemic, all the Little Big Four games had to be cancelled. The teams, nevertheless, remained in training in the hope that they could at least play exhibition games with one another, or, possibly, the whole series. At length, finding the latter course impracticable, they decided to have exhibition matches when possible. Thus Ridley played Upper Canada in Toronto. St. Andrew's then arranged and played home-and-home games with Upper Canada. Trinity, though, were not able to play any of the others, nor could St. Andrew's meet Ridley because of the epidemic. The season of 1918, therefore, closed without any team having the opportunity of winning the group honors.

This year football was revived in every part of the Dominion with all the pre-war enthusiasm. The Little Big Four, as usual, turned out four good teams and brought a very successful rugby season to a close on November 8.

Taken on the whole, the brand of football played by these four teams is excellent. They make a specialty of open plays and kicking, in place of the line-plunging and mass formations still used by the senior teams. The tackling, also, is, as a rule, better than that displayed by most junior, and is superior to that of numerous senior leagues. The public, in fact, have now come to expect an absolutely first-class game of football whenever any of these rival colleges meet, and it is very seldom that they are disappointed. The spirit, too, of the teams and their supporters is that of good sportsmanship, there being an entire absence of the questionable remarks one generally hears from the side-lines at most football matches. As the games usually take place in the morning, and are not advertised, there being no charge for admission, many who would otherwise attend them cannot do so. Consequently, the number

present is seldom above one thousand, although the school supporters make it sound like many thousands.

An improvement on the present system of arranging the series would be the introduction of home-and-home games, instead of merely the annual one with each college. For this year, as in the past, one match has not always shown the superiority of one team over the other, although a team equally as good as its opponent might be defeated by a mere point or two; whereas, if home-and-home matches were played the loser might, in a return game, decisively defeat the other. Surely the time has arrived when the four colleges could get together and come to an agreement whereby home-and-home games will be played, thus leaving no doubt as to the merit of the winner of the Little Big Four championship.

OUR SHOW.

WE HAVE The largest troupe of trained oysters and snails in America. Don't fail to see them perform.

WE HAVE One hundred and fifty (150) dancing girls in the company—but the staff won't let us put 'em on. Ain't it a shame!

WE HAVE A cosmopolitan troupe representing a number of nationalities—English, Scotch, French, Italian, Great Dane and Spitz.

WE HAVE Nero, the educated dachshund with the 140-inch wheel-base.

WE HAVE All of the popular rag-time songs written for us by Bach, Beethoven, Wagner and Liszt exclusively.

WE HAVE Little Nemo, the great linguist, who speaks many languages fluently—American, Dago Dialect, Reverse English, Deaf and Dumb, Pig Latin and Jiu Jitsu.

WE HAVE One hundred gold watches to give away to the ladies at the show—but we're not going to do it.

WE HAVE Testimonials from Sir Francis Drake and Mrs. Duck, who saw our show in San Francisco.

WE HAVE Hermann, the Greatest Ever, Prince of Legerdemain; watches and pocket books should be left in the box office.

WE SING Worse than any bunch in the world, and they call us the

JEAN BATEESE GOES TO HIS FIRST RUGBY GAME.

J. H. SUPPLE.

On the evening of the 14th of November, 1919, the bunk-house of the Round Lake Lumber Camp was filled with a motley but joyous crowd of lumber-jacks, assembled together to listen to tales of Jean Bateese's trip to Toronto and to partake of a ten-gallon cask of moonshine whiskey which had just arrived from the hills surrounding the camp.

Motley, surely, was the right term to apply to the gathering. In one corner sat two full-blooded Indians holding a heated argument as to who should be the owner of a very dilapidated-looking mirror. At the end of the one twenty-foot table which the bunk-house contained, a big Swede was industriously oiling a revolver and loading up a sawed-off shot gun, while opposite him, a dark-skinned son of Italy was sharpening up his miniature carving-knife. In the centre of the room nearest the stove and keg of moonshine, five or six of Bateese's personal friends were congratulating him upon his return, and every now and then helping themselves to a gulp of the aforesaid fire-water.

After half an hour of talking and laughing the crowd settled down to listen to Bateese's stories of strange parts. Bateese, as befitted the guest of honour, was seated nearest the stove with his feet upon the edge of the table. Lighting his pipe and flicking the burning match across the table onto the back of the Swede's hand, he began his story.

"I tink I will tell me of de firs' tam I ever see dat game dey call rugbee. I was walk along de street in Toronto when I see de beeg crowd all go for de sam' direction, so I go too. Bimeby I come to un grand fiel' wit' beeg fence aroun' an' seats pile one upon de oder. I go troo de door wit' de res' of de people an fin' myself climb all de way up dem seat to de highes' row. I sit down me an' look aroun'.

Across de fiel' in de seats opposite me, I see de beeg bonch of fine young fellow' in green sweataire', whil' in de seats where I am me, is anoder bonch of fellow' in de blue sweataire. Sudden one of dem fellow' in de green sweataire jomp up an' down an' wave de beeg steeck. Den dem fellow' begin for yell so hard it mak' you deaf. I tink me dat fellow mus' be crazee, but I guess me I mak' de gran mistak', for no sooner dan de fellow in de green sweataire

quit jomp up an' down dan one in de blue sweataire start, an' de crowd dey shout for all dere worth. I learnt after me, dat de different colour' sweataire is for de different team.

"In a little while, fourteen fellow in fonny green suit' wit' de leather cap on dere head, an' fourteen fellow wit' de sam' kin' of blue suit, tak' dere plac' in front of each oder in de centre of de fiel' weech is mark' off wit' white line' an weech has two pos' at each end, wit' anoder pos' nail across dem about half de way up.

"I don' know me w'at happen, but sudden dem two line of fellow' is fight lak' wil' cat. I nevaire see such bloody fight before. Den, right before my eye' I see de fonny shape' ball lak' de short seegar, fly troo de air toward' de pos' where de fellow' in de blue suit are. One of dem fellow he catch de ball an' start up de fiel' wit' it onder hees arm. He get about half de way up, wh'en one of de oders wit' de green suit mak' un rosh at heem. By Gar! I nevaire see de neataire fall. Dat garçon wit' de green, he go straight up in de air an come down on hees head, while de oder goes straight ahead an' ver' near kill all dat line of green suit. Den more quick dan de eye can see, dat fellow in de blue get trow on hees neck. Un homme blow un leetle horn an' de gam' it stop. Two or t'ree young boy run out to de player on de groun' wit a peetcher of wataire an' de small suitcase. Soon de horn blow again an' de line is form as before wit' de sam' result.

"I watch dat gam' me for two hour an' of all de gam' I evaire see, dat was de wors'. In dem two hour d'ere was fifteen fellow carry off de fiel', an every tam' anoder one tak' hees plac', till, by Gar, d'ere is ver' near entire different team! Dem player is total wreck at de end of de gam' an' no wondaire. Dey ron at each oder lak' bull-moose an' trow demselve' on de groun'. Dey fight every few minute' wit' d'ere hands an' feet, an' keeck each oder in de fac' when dey are knock down. Some of dem has for be help off de fiel', an' oders limp lak' dey had de broken leg or de rheumatics.

"As soon as de player' dey come off de fiel', de crowd start for go home. I get in de line me an' I nearly get keel. I am push from behin', in front, an' on bot' side, an' ma feet are almos' crush. When I try for light ma pipe it get knock out of my han'. I bend down for peeck him up, but I get de beeg push down behin' an' go down de stair' head firs'. At de bottom I stop by run' into telegraph pole out on de street aftaire knock over t'ree men wit' de high hat, who swear someting terrible.

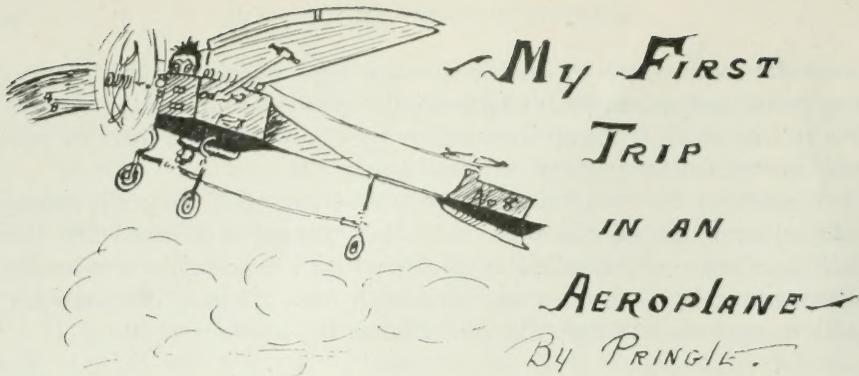
"After de crowd is all gone, I go back for ma pipe me. I fin' de bowl on de bottom step of dem stair, de fin' plug tobacco is scatter all de way up, an' at de top de stem is smash to leetle piece'. I

were dat mad to tink of lose de corn-cob pipe which cos' me twenty-five cent', and de expensive tobacco, dat right dere an den, I resolve me to kip away from all dem rugby gam' an' dough I hear de yell ver' mooch I nevaire go in dat plac' again."

Finishing his story Bateeese removed his feet from the table, refilled and lighted his pipe. He then prepared himself for the telling of more of his experiences for which his audience was loudly clamouring, by flicking a second match onto a can of gun-powder which went up through the roof taking the stove with it.



JEAN BATEESE GOES TO HIS
FIRST RUGBY GAME.



—*My First
Trip
in an
Aeroplane*—
By PRINGLE.

No one ever mentions aeroplanes now but I begin to think. I hear murmurs of surprise. I know it's unusual, but, nevertheless, I really begin to think,—vague uncertain recollections of the first time I ever left this good old amalgamation of terra firma with both feet at once for any extended period.

As I have many friends in the Royal Air Force, invitations have not been lacking, but as I never before had felt sufficiently despondent to want to end my sorrows, I had always refused. This time, however, some demon of recklessness took possession of me at an unguarded moment, and I accepted an invitation to "take a hop" the following afternoon.

The moment I said I would go I heartily wished I hadn't, but it was too late then to retract, and I went home with much the same feeling as one who has made an appointment with the dentist.

That same evening, at a party, we began discussing all sorts of aeroplane crashes of recent occurrence, and one of my friends turned and said that it was to be hoped that I would never take up flying to earn a living.

It doesn't seem to me that there is much chance of supporting yourself with an aeroplane, either.

I went to bed that night sympathizing sincerely with any and every criminal who expected to die the next day, too, and with my mind thus all stirred up I drifted off into a fitful sleep.

When I woke up the next morning the world never looked more beautiful, and I began to think that after all, maybe I might come out alive; but as a purely precautionary measure, and in the contingency of an accident, I spent the morning bidding a few of my more intimate friends a fond adieu. This seemed to cause a relapse of my melancholy, and I was more than once accused of being morose.

My friend called with his car about half-past two to take me out to the flying field, and I felt just as I did when I was last put into an ambulance.

I was hoping during the whole trip that something would go wrong with the car to keep us from getting out in time, but I have never seen a car run better; indeed, I even began to take a positive dislike to the young lady who drove us at such a breakneck pace, pretty though she was.

We covered the fifteen miles in an incredibly short space of time and swung in between the two main hangars at Armour Heights. It seemed great to get out of a car that wasn't your own and not to pay the driver anything.

After threading our way through numerous buildings we arrived at the dressing-rooms, where Larry told me to get into my "cloud costume." I'm sure I jumped, because I thought he said "shroud costume"!

We wandered out to find our 'plane, and while it was being tested I made really valiant efforts to seem unconcerned, but I'm afraid I failed miserably as I had a horribly wobbly feeling inside.

Finally all was ready for me, and Larry called out:

'Get in and make yourself comfortable."

It was just as if he had said:

"Lie back now and just breathe naturally and it will be all over in a minute or so."

So I got in and watched my pilot fingering things, like a doctor sharpening his tools previous to an interesting operation.

Just before we "took off," an officer came up with a paper which stated that I alone was responsible for all that was to follow and "that in the event of a fatal accident I, Allen A. Pringle, am solely and entirely responsible, and that the officers and men of His Majesty's Royal Air Force are in no manner involved."

Having signed this formidable document we started off, I with that phrase, "in the event of a fatal accident," stamped indelibly in my brain.

In the language of the poet, flying is described somewhat thus:

"You start to sway, and then you shut your eyes,
You're on the way that leads to Paradise,"

which, frankly speaking, is a deviation from veracity.

First of all, we did not sway. We bumped and banged and shook and bounced, but there was no sway in that motion. Then again I did not shut my eyes. I should say not, there was far too much to see.

As for the rest, I may have been on the way to Paradise, but I sincerely hoped not. In any case, probably not.

Suddenly the motion became even and wonderfully smooth, and as we soared off into the late afternoon sun I felt as if all restrictions of time and space had been removed and that I could go on for ever and ever, far beyond the great golden west, far, far out into that opalescent, glaring canopy to the gates of the sunset.

I was brought rudely to my senses when the whole sunset suddenly moved up like a piece of stage scenery and in its place mysteriously appeared houses and trees and things.

Also my insides took a decided dislike to the change, much preferring to go on into the sunset, while in reality *I* was going down at an amazing speed. I was on the point of asking Larry to wait a second for my stomach to catch up when something in me told me not to open my mouth to say anything just then, or for any other purpose either.

We were headed, in a spinning nose-drive, straight for a field in which were gathered a large crowd of people watching us. I wanted to yell to them to get out of the way when I heard Larry say:

"You know, fifty per cent. of those people down there think we are going to crash."

"Well, fifty per cent. of us up here think so, too," I managed to reply.

When it seemed to me that we were fairly started on a through trip to China the plane flattened out and we sailed off after a passing train in the manner of an attacking plane.

We soon overtook the train and nose-dived at it two or three times, each time seeming as if I was leaving my "innards" behind, but soon tiring of this my pilot took to doing stunts. I told him to let me out to walk, but paying no attention to my protests he went on. A loop came first, then an Immelmann turn, then a stall, which is by far the worst, as the plane comes to an absolute standstill, and then just naturally drops. We wound up with a purely accidental and very dangerous side-slip.

I really thought we were gone then, but pulling out we flattened out and skimmed along near the surface, taxiing up to the hangar where my friend got out.

I followed his example, and to my dismay found myself totally unable to stand up. My knees just purely and simply gave way, my head began to whirl and I felt myself fall, then blackness obliterated everything else.

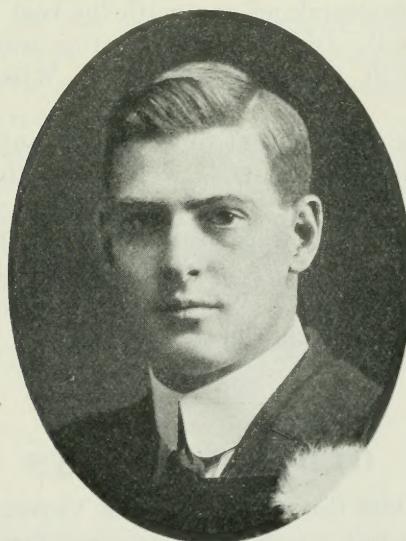
I came to later in the dressing room and, I am told, without saying, "Where am I?" So I am justly proud.



CAPT. GRANT A. GOODERHAM,
Royal Air Force,
Died May 2nd, 1919.
S.A.C. 1906-1910.



LIEUT. JOHN G. CUTLER,
"D" Co., 8th Batt.,
Killed in action, Aug. 15th, 1917.
S.A.C. 1905-1907.



2ND LIEUT. F. C. ANDREWS,
Royal Leinsters,
Killed in action March 16th, 1915
S.A.C. 1905-1906.

Our Old Boys.

WINNIPEG OLD BOYS.

The presence of the headmaster in Winnipeg, where he was in attendance at the great Educational Conference in the month of October, was taken advantage of by old boys of St. Andrew's to hold an Old Boys' gathering. On Tuesday, October 21st, Dr. Macdonald was the guest of the old boys at a luncheon held in the private dining-room of the Fort Garry Hotel. Fourteen sat down to lunch with "Old Jim" Crowe in the chair.

The meeting proved most enjoyable to everybody, and was a real re-union. Old time school happenings and overseas experiences played an important part in the conversations.

In replying to the toast to the school Dr. Macdonald informed the Old Boys as to the present condition of the school in its various activities. On learning of the action of the Montreal and Toronto Old Boys in undertaking to raise a memorial fund in connection with the new school it was unanimously decided that Winnipeg should join in the undertaking, and with the real Western spirit of action a branch of the Old Boys' Association was at once formed with J. A. Crowe as President and A. G. Wilson as Secretary-Treasurer.

The headmaster reports that to see the Winnipeg St. Andrew's boys together again was in itself well worth the journey to the "gate of the West."

The following Old Boys were present: J. A. Crowe, W. A. Hastings, Harris McFadyen, D. A. McRae, R. M. Macdonald, A. M. Morrison, E. E. Soot, A. G. Wilson, E. F. Stovel, R. M. Myers, Stephen Clark, Philip Clark, Chester Leishman.

OLD BOYS' NEWS

The following Old Boys are attending Varsity this year: Joe Taylor, Grant Gordon, Gordon Robertson, Ernest Rolph, John Dack, Robert Hartstone, Andrew J. Curry, M. D. Earle, Gordon W. Hewitt, D. R. Dewdney, H. R. Mitchell, J. H. Wright, Douglas

Grant, Joe McDougall, R. R. McLaughlin, Angus McLaurin, Robert E. Dingman, Wm. Kerr, David Findlay, Earl Loundes, Ewen (Pete) Campbell, Fraser Grant, Douglas Wood, Roy Firstbrook, King Cosgrave, C. Gray Eakins.

We congratulate Mr. H. B. Housser for being the leading captain in recent Victory Loan drive, also his assistants, Mr. Paul Fleming and Alf. Lindsay.

We congratulate Mr. John Ramsden on being the successful candidate in the recent Ontario Government elections for the South-West Toronto constituency.

Our attention should be drawn to the fact that Lorne C. Montgomery was the successful McGill football captain in the recent revival of Intercollegiate sports; also that Dudley Ross will fill Monty's position next year.

OBITUARY.

Ivan Ernest Startup was born March 17th, 1902. He entered St. Andrew's College in the month of September, 1916, as a day boy, and took up his studies in Form III. He left the school after completing his fourth form year.

This summer the sad news of his death was a shock to every person who knew him. On the night of August 21st at Orchard Bay, Ont., he was instantly killed while out motoring, his car crashing into a fallen tree.

He will long be remembered by the boys of St. Andrew's. His sunny disposition won him many friends while he was here.

Angus E. McColl was born on August 2nd, 1888. He entered St. Andrew's College in 1900. After leaving school he studied law, being called to the bar in 1912. He then became a member of the firm of Corbould, Grant, McColl, of Vancouver, B.C.

On May 28th, 1919, after a four week's illness, he died at the Royal Columbian Hospital of that city.

MARRIAGES.

EDWARD WATSON HACHBURN, in June, 1919, to Miss Elsie Gowan Pirie.

ROBERT RAE MANVILLE, on September 8th, 1919, to Miss Alice Douglas, of Prince Albert, Sask.

REG. A. LOCHART, on October 8th, 1919, to Miss Ruth McDonald Robertson, of Peterborough, Ont.

CHAS. NEWTON CANDEE, on July 15th, 1919, to Miss Mary Wiglesworth.

GIBBS BLACKSTOCK, on October 29th, 1919, to Miss Edith Monlas.

SAMUEL GLADSTONE STOKES, in August, 1919, to Miss Louise Pollard, of Petrolea, Ont.

EDGAR G. WHITNEY, on June 4th, 1919, to Miss Marie Richardson.

VICTOR ST. JOHN DIVER, on October 8th, 1919, to Miss Myras Davis, of Toronto.

CHARLES CORBOULD, on May 21st, 1919, to Miss Alma Gee.

S. HUME CRAWFORD, on October 4th, 1919, to Miss Grace Murray, of Toronto.

WILFRED BEATTY, on September 24th, 1919, to Miss Marjorie Campbell Stevenson, of Fort William.

JOHN CAMERON RAMSDEN, on October 1st, 1919, to Miss Gladys Scott, of Toronto.

JOHN EDWARD HAMMOND, to Miss Ruth Stapleton.

BIRTHS.

To MR. and MRS. ROBERT J. GILL, on November 11th, 1919, a daughter, Pauline Marion.

To DR. and MRS. HAROLD TOVELL, on September 16th, a son.

To DR. and MRS. W. BERKELY STARK, 35 Lynwood Ave., on November 30th, 1919, a son.

The rain falls down when it gets ready,

Upon the just and unjust fella.

It falls upon the just the most

For the unjust has the just's umbrella.

—By James Arthur Percival White.

Carrick 1, the Prophesier: "What would you say if I were to tell you that in a short space of time the rivers of our country would all dry up?"

Findlay 1: "I should say, go thou and do likewise."

The School

PRIZE DAY.

On the afternoon of Friday, November 28th, at three o'clock, the school held its nineteenth annual Prize Day in the chapel of Knox College, which was filled to its utmost capacity. The ceremonies were opened by a short service consisting of the school hymn, a Scripture reading by Dr. Neill, and short prayer by the Rev. Mr. Little. After this Dr. Macdonald, in his address, pointed out the history of the previous school year, and how that in spite of the fact that the school was in new quarters it had not lowered its standards of study and athletics. He referred to the plans regarding the building of the new school at York Mills, and also to the wonderful service record of the Old Boys in the war, of whom 660 enlisted.

Brigadier-General Mitchell, in presenting the Lower School prizes, spoke of the magnificent work done by the Old Boys overseas, and suggested as a school slogan, "Trust, Train and Thoroughness." The Third and Fourth Form prizes were presented by Principal Gandier, who mentioned the great friendship existing between Knox College and St. Andrews. The Venerable Archdeacon Cody presented the General Proficiency prizes in the Fifth, Lower Sixth and Upper Sixth Forms. He said that in life it was possible to win many prizes by true devotion to one's duty. The Governor-General's medal, the Lieutenant-Governor's silver and bronze medals were presented by Sir John Hendrie, who said that the S. A. C. Prize Day would be his last public appearance as Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and he then asked for a whole holiday. Sir Robert Falconer then presented the Head Prefect's prize and the Chairman's gold medal. He said that St. Andrew's boys were always thoroughly welcome at the University of Toronto. Other medals were the Cooper Medal in Science, the Wylde Prize in Latin, the James George Prize in English, and the Cadet Corps medals. Also there were 122 awards made by the Royal Life Saving Society, making one of the most successful years in this work in the history of the school.

The proceedings were then closed by singing the National Anthem, after which speakers, guests and staff were served refreshments in the dining hall.

PRIZE LIST.

PREPARATORY FORM.

General Proficiency—Robertson V.

UPPER PREP. FORM.

General Proficiency—1st, Macdonald V.; 2nd, Kennedy; 3rd, Carrick III.

FORM I.

General Proficiency—1st, Banfield; 2nd, Beauregard; 3rd, Cook II.; 4th, Stephenson.

FORM II.

General Proficiency—1st Carrick II.; 2nd, Cameron II.; 3rd, Middows; 4th, Fairclough.

FORM III.

General Proficiency—1st, Beer; 2nd, McLean II.; 3rd, Easton; 4th, Robinson; 5th, Moore.

FORM IV.

General Proficiency—1st, Carrick I.; 2nd, Crowther; 3rd, Dayment.

FORM V.

General Proficiency—1st, Clift I.; 2nd, Robertson II.; 3rd, Pringle; 4th, Leckie II.; 5th, Calvert.

LOWER VI. (TORONTO GROUP.)

General Proficiency—1st, Hewitt; 2nd, MacKay.

LOWER VI. (MCGILL GROUP.)

General Proficiency—Davidson.

UPPER VI.

General Proficiency—Gordon I.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Governor-General's Medal—J. E. McDougall.

Lieut.-Governor's Silver Medal—R. J. Gordon.

Lieut.-Governor's Bronze Medal—G. W. Hewitt.

Chairman's Gold Medal—H. C. Mitchell.

Cooper Medal in Science—Ross MacKay.

Head Prefect's Prize—R. G. Gordon.

"Wyld Prize in Latin"—G. W. Hewitt.

"James George Prize in English"—D. K. Findlay.

Thorley Medal for Proficiency in Shooting—N. A. S. Glendinning.

Crowe Medal—W. F. Findlay.

Gooderham Medal—R. T. Black.

Christie Cup—R. E. Syer.

The 48th Highlander's Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire Rifle for proficiency in shooting—W. K. Leckie.

OVER THE PHONE.

"Burr-r-rr!" went the telephone, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Are you there?"

"Yes."

"Who are you, please?"

"Watt."

"What is your name, please?"

"I say my name is Watt—John Watt."

"Oh! Well, I'm coming 'round to see you this evening."

"All right. Are you Jones?"

"No, I'm Knott."

"Who are you then, please?"

"Will Knott."

"Why won't you?"

"I say my name is William Knott."

"Oh! I beg your pardon."

"Then you will be in this evening if I come 'round, Watt?"

"Certainly, Knott."

"Burr-r-rr!" went the ring-off; and Knott, as he sat down again at his desk, began to ponder whether Watt said he would drop in or not.

THE CADET CORPS.

This year the cadet corps was re-organized and the following officers were appointed:—

Captain.—Syer.
Lieutenant—Smith.
Lieutenant—Pringle.
Colour Sergeant—Clift.
Sergeant—Cameron.
“ Stirrett.
“ Earle.
“ Richardson.

The band has been supplied with a number of new drums and bugles, and, with MacDonald as drum-major, it gives promise of being larger and better than ever, this year.

The Militia Department issues the corps with great coats, so that, we are now one of the best equipped corps in Canada, and with the co-operation of all those in it, it can be one of the most efficient.

Cadet Corps Rifle Team.

Owing to the good showing made by last year's members of the corps, it has been decided to choose a number of the best marksmen and form a team, which will, we hope, take part in the annual shooting competition of the Cadet Corps of Canada.

Macpherson: "We have some fine boats around here. Some of them can steam 20 knots an hour."

Redmond: "Oh, I suppose they steam the knots so the sailors can untie them easily."

Mr. Fielding: "When was Moses born?" (No response.)

Mr. Fielding: "Don't you see it in your books, Moses 4,000 B.C.?"

Temple: "I thought that was his telephone number."

Hutchings 1: "What does a volcano do with lava?"

Hunter 11: "Give it up."

Hutchings 1: "That's right."

THE MEMORIAL FUND.

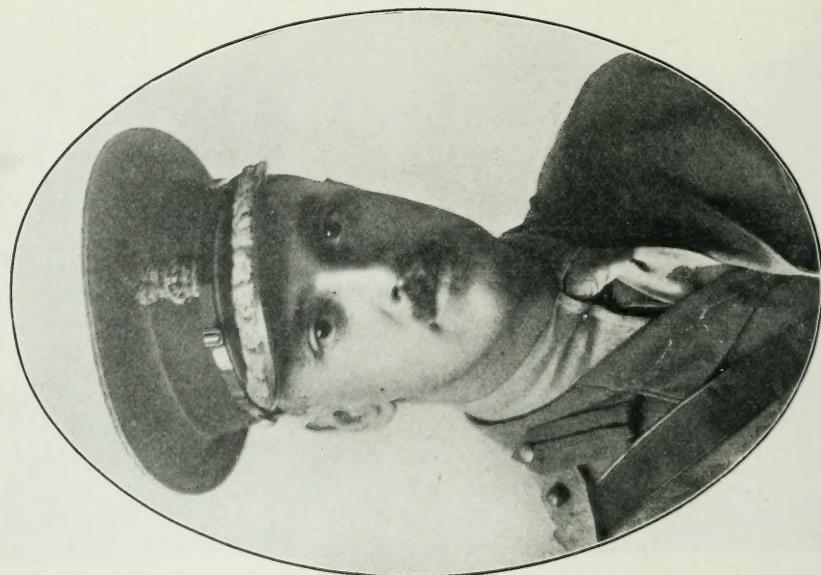
The "Old Boys' Association" has inaugurated a scheme for perpetuating the memory of those of their number whose bodies find a resting place in the soil of France or Flanders. The finest collegians, as keenly interested as they, have decided on an outdoor memorial to be placed in the new college grounds at York Mills.

The fund for this purpose has already received promises amounting to nearly three hundred dollars, and almost every boy in the school has either subscribed or promised a subscription. The money at that time in hand was invested in the last Victory Loan, thus fulfilling a dual purpose.

It is proposed to erect in a prominent position a St. Andrew's Cross or other suitable monument bearing an inscription that will remind all of those who being dead, yet live.



THE CHAPEL.



LIEUT.COL. AND MRS. A. E. TAYLOR.

CHAPEL NOTES.

The school has been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Truner as organist. Mr. Truner is very liberal with his selections and plays for the boys every Sunday evening before chapel, and always has an audience of very intent hearers. On several occasions we have had entirely musical services that were greatly enjoyed by all. Mr. Truner's playing has done a great deal towards cultivating a liking for good music among the boys.

On Sunday evening, November 23rd, Major Kilpatrick, M.C., chaplain to the 42nd Overseas Battalion, preached to the boys. The text of his sermon was, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things," and around this text was woven a very interesting sermon that was greatly enjoyed by all.

Major Kilpatrick has since accepted the pulpit of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Ottawa.

On Sunday evening, November 30th, Gray Eakins, who is an old boy and at present studying for the ministry at Wycliffe College, spoke to the boys in chapel. The boys enjoyed greatly the opportunity of listening to such a young man as Mr. Eakins, and his stories of his experiences in life will prove helpful to the boys in the years to come.

On Sunday evening, December 7th, the boys of the college had the privilege and pleasure of hearing His Lordship Bishop Sweny, Bishop of Toronto. This is the first time Bishop Sweny addressed the boys of the college, and his manner of delivery was a lesson in public speaking and his words were words of wisdom that will not soon be forgotten by the boys.

We hope that we may have the pleasure of hearing Bishop Sweny again soon.

Ashton (in Cooper's) : "I bought a shirt here yesterday. Can I change it at this counter?"

Clerk: "No, sir, you will find the dressing room at the end of the store."

SCHOOL NOTES

The Review wishes to extend to Mrs. A. E. Taylor a most hearty welcome. Col. and Mrs. Taylor have taken up their residence at the College Street House and all andreans, past and present, will join in wishing them all happiness.

The marriage took place at Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, on July 22nd, 1919, of Lieut.-Col. Allan E. Taylor, D.S.O., third son of the late Rev. G. T. and Mrs. Taylor, Toronto, and Dorothy Madeline, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Fleming, Hadlow, Kent, England. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Symonds of Montreal.

On Thursday, November 29th, Mrs. Macdonald issued invitations to the members of the Staff and their wives to an afternoon tea to meet Mrs. A. E. Taylor. Almost all were able to be present and a pleasant social hour was passed.

IN THE INFIRMARY.

It's all very well to be real sick
When school days come around,
To have good eats, get out of work,
And sleep the sleep profound.

To hear the bell call the boys to work,
It makes us sick and thin,
And though we're dying at 9 a.m.
By ten we're well again.

At luncheon time, instead of hash,
And ordinary food,
They give us pie and butter'd toast,
And other eats as good.

But when the doctors kicks you out,
For school that afternoon,
You look at yourself and wonder
How he got wise so soon.

A.W. R.



K. E. SVER
Head Prefect. Captain, First Rugby Team.

PERSONAL OF THE FIRST TEAM

LOOMIS (EDDIE)—Left Half—An old colour; played a fine game and also helped gain considerable ground by his runs. Did good punting and used his head well.

CAMERON I. (JACK)—Right Half—Came up from last year's seconds. Plays a steady game; catches and runs well.

PEENE (DAVE)—Flying Wing—Also of last year's seconds; tackles well and plays a hard game.

STIRRETT (KID)—Flying Wing—Third year on the team, plays a hard game, but is inclined to be erratic; showed up well at T. C. S.

THORLEY (CHICK)—Right Outside—Also a third year first team colour. Works hard and is the best tackle on the team.

RICHARDSON (IKE)—Left Outside—One of last year's second team men, was a good tackle and played well in the T. C. S. game.

GRAYSON (PETE)—Left Middle—First year on team, but works hard and bucks very well.

GLENDINNING—Right Middle—A good, steady worker, who came up from last year's seconds. Was handicapped during the latter part of the season by an injury which he received in first game.

SMITH I. (JERRY)—Right Inside—An old colour, who worked hard and showed up well by his bucking at Ridley.

GLENN (KEN)—Left Scrim.—Came up from last year's third team. Plays a steady game. Helped strengthen the centre of the line by aggressive play.

MCCARTER (MAC)—Centre Scrim.—An old colour, tackles well and was good at playing through the opponent's line.

EARLE I. (HAPPY)—Right Scrim.—One of last year's second team men. Plays a hard, aggressive game, showed up well at T. C. S.

APPLEGATH I. (JACK)—Quarter—A new colour, plays a steady game, and handles the ball well.

CARRICK (JESS)—Left Middle—An old colour, handicapped by an illness early in the season, but was able to play in two of the games. Worked hard at Ridley.

SYER (RUFUS)—Left Inside—Captain. An old colour. Handled his team very well indeed. One of the best line-plungers in the League.

ATHLETICS

S. A. C. Vs. B. R. C.

On Saturday, Oct. 25, S. A. C. First Team, journeyed to St. Catharines to play their opening game in the Little Big Four League with Ridley College. The day was a poor one for rugby. Heavy rain in the morning had made the field very muddy, while a strong wind blew across the field. The game was played in rain, and the few spectators had an unpleasant afternoon.

St. Andrew's had a slightly superior team, which, however, lacked the experience of the Ridley team. This inexperience cost them the game. The line up:—

S. A. C.		B. R. C.
Syer (Capt.)	Flying Wing	Gilchrist
Stirrett	Left Half	Rogers
Loomis	Centre Half	Somerville
Cameron I.	Right Half	Hyde
Applegath I.	Quarter	Johnson
Earle I.	Right Scrim.	Scott
McCarter	Centre Scrim.	Sutherland
Glenn	Left Scrim.	Garden
Smith I.	Left Inside	Breithaupt
Robertson I.	Right Inside	Bertram
Carrick I.	Left Middle	Glass
Glendinning	Right Middle	Hyslop
Peene	Left Outside	Hamilton
Thorley	Right Outside	Barr (Capt.)

Ridley won the toss and St. Andrew's kicked off. St. Andrew's made yards twice but Ridley got the ball on interference and gained when St. Andrew's got offside. Loomis capturing the ball on a kick, made a long run, but St. Andrew's lost the ball and Ridley bucked right down the field and then kicked to the deadline.

S. A. C., 0; B. R. C., 1.

The rest of the period was featured by offsides and interference by both teams, but no further scoring resulted and the whistle blew with the ball in Ridley territory.

S. A. C., 0; B. R. C., 1.

St. Andrew's worked their way down the field, but lost possession and Ridley made 20 yards on an onside kick, which they used to advantage all through the game. The ball now changed hands several times on account of offside, and finally Loomis got in position for a kick forcing Ridley to rouge.

S. A. C., 1; B. R. C., 1.

Ridley forfeited 10 yards for being offside and Loomis kicked to the dead line. There was no further scoring done and the half-time whistle blew with the ball about centre field.

S. A. C., 2; B. R. C., 1.

Ridley kicked off and when they fumbled our kick we again obtained possession and Loomis kicked on the third down, forcing Ridley to rouge.

S. A. C., 3; B. R. C., 1.

Ridley came back strong and after failing to score on a drop kick they tried an onside kick which resulted in Barr getting over for a touch.

S. A. C., 3; B. R. C., 6.

Ridley worked down the field and kicked over the line, but Stirrett ran the ball out of danger and the period ended,

S. A. C., 3; B. R. C., 6.

After making yards twice Ridley kicked on the third down scoring a dead line.

S. A. C., 3; B. R. C., 7.

St. Andrew's kicked and Ridley obtained possession. Barr made a long run long and Ridley kicked over the line, securing another touch by falling on the ball.

S. A. C., 3; B. R. C., 12.

With only a few minutes to go, St. Andrew's put up a desperate fight and Loomis kicked two deadlines in quick succession.

S. A. C., 5; B. R. C., 12.

Just before the final whistle Carrick bucked over the line for a touch, which was not converted.

S. A. C., 10; B. R. C., 12.

NOTES.

Smith's bucking was a feature of the game. Thorley tackled splendidly, while our half line played a fine game.

For Ridley, Barr tackled and ran well. Hyslop did good work on the line and Rogers, Somerville and Hyde played well.

U. C. C. Vs. S. C. S.

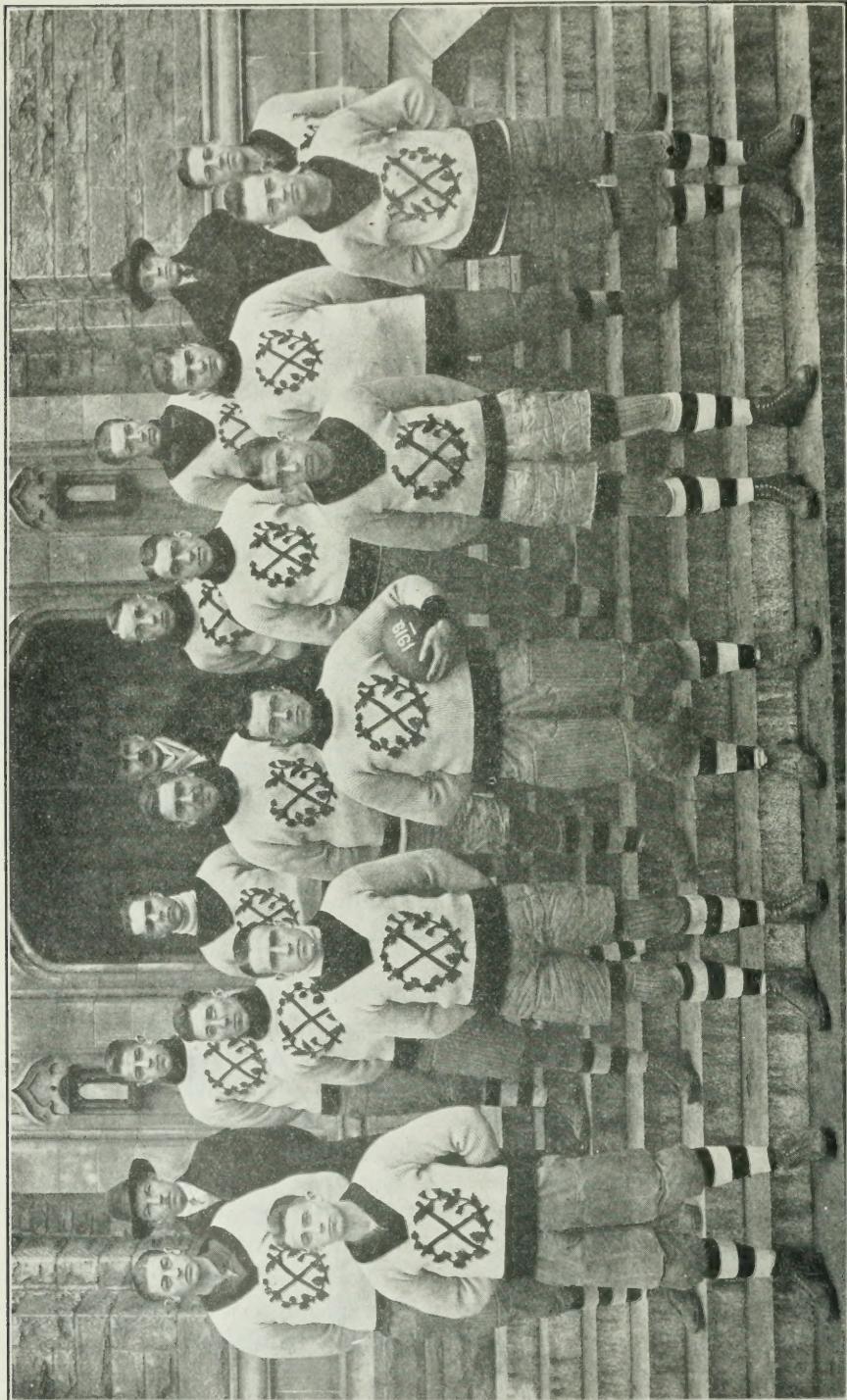
On Monday, Nov. 3, we played our second league game against Upper Canada College at 'Varsity Stadium. The day was ideal from the player's point of view, but the spectators found it rather cold. The line up:—

U. C. C.		S. A. C.
Richards	Flying Wing	Glendinning
Mitchell	Left Half	Peene
Kress	Centre Half	Loomis
McNeil	Right Half	Cameron I.
White	Quarter	Applegath I.
Phippen	Right Scrim.	Earle I.
Short	Centre Scrim.	McCarter
Granger	Left Scrim.	Glenn
Mulqueen	Righ Inside	Smith I.
Trotter	Left Inside	Syer (Capt.)
Davis II.	Right Middle	Grayson
Davis I. (Capt.)	Left Middle	Carrick I.
Huckvale	Right Outside	Thorley
Squiers	Left Outside	Richardson

St. Andrew's kicked off against the wind. U. C. C. made yards in two downs and then kicked. The ball changed hands several times, because of interference and offside. S. A. C. secured the ball on a muffed kick and kicked themselves. On their first down U. C. C. kicked to the dead line.

U. C. C., 1; S. A. C., 0.

S. A. C. kicked as did U. C. C., Cameron being brought down in his tracks. U. C. C. returned Loomis' kick to Cameron, who ran the ball out from behind the touch-line. S. A. C. bucked for yards and on a play through the centre Loomis made 30 yards. The remainder of the period was a kicking game in which S. A. C. had the advantage, but no further scoring resulted.



THE FIRST RUGBY TEAM

U. C. C., 1; S. A. C., 0.

U. C. C. failed to make yards and Loomis kicked over the line, but the ball was run out. S. A. C. secured the ball on a fumble and on an exchange of kicks forced U. C. C. to rouge.

U. C. C., 1; S. A. C., 1.

U. C. C. kicked and Loomis ran 20 yards before being brought down. S. A. C. gained on Loomis' kick. Cameron ran U. C. C.'s kick back 10 yards and Loomis kicked. Richardson secured the ball on a fumble and Loomis kicked. The whistle for half-time found U. C. C. in possession of the ball.

U. C. C., 1; S. A. C., 1.

S. A. C. kicked off and U. C. C. kicked, Loomis making a fine run back. Soon after, Stirrett replaced Glendinning, who had been injured. S. A. C. broke up their opponent's kicks repeatedly, and our half line was doing some good running. U. C. C. lost the ball on interference and Syer bucked for 30 yards. Loomis on the first down kicked to the deadline.

U. C. C., 1; S. A. C., 2.

Loomis captured the ball on a kick and ran half the length of the field before being tackled, but no further scoring was done in this period.

U. C. C., 1; S. A. C., 2.

Loomis started the scoring by kicking to the dead line.

U. C. C., 1; S. A. C., 3.

S. A. C. broke up U. C. C.'s attempted kick and Loomis kicked forcing U. C. C. to rouge.

U. C. C., 1; S. A. C., 4.

Both teams now kicked and on U. C. C.'s fumble, Peene secured the ball and galloped 30 yards for a try, which was converted.

U. C. C., 1; S. A. C., 10.

U. C. C., came back strong and with the wind in their favour Kress kicked three dead lines in quick succession, but U. C. C. were unable to overcome our lead and when the final whistle blew the score stood,

S. A. C., 10; U. C. C., 4.

NOTES.

Kress' kicking and the bucking and tackling of Davis I. and Richards, respectively, were features of the game.

For St. Andrew's Syer was the best on the line, while Loomis kicked and ran well.

S. A. C. Vs. T. C. S.

On Saturday, Nov. 8, S. A. C. journeyed to T. C. S., to play their third and last league game. The day was bitterly cold with a high wind blowing, which, however, did not interfere much with the game. The line up:—

S. A. C.	T. C. S.
Stirrett	Flying Wing
Peene	Left Half
Loomis	Centre Half
Cameron I.	Right Half
Applegath I.	Quarter
Earle I.	Right Scrim.
McCarter	Centre Scrim.
Glenn	Left Scrim.
Smith I.	Right Inside
Syer (Capt.)	Left Inside
Glendinning	Right Middle
Grayson	Left Middle
Thorley	Right Outside
Richardson	Left Outside
	Turner
	Smith
	Cayley
	Cruickshank
	Nickle (field capt.)
	Kennedy
	Wilson II.
	Carey
	Wilson I.
	Donnelly
	Foster
	Jones
	Thompson
	Lazier

T. C. S. kicked off and Stirrett returned. A 30-yard buck by Grayson, followed by a kick by Loomis, forced Cayley to rouge.

S. A. C., 1; T. S. C., 0.

T. C. S. kicked and Cameron ran back 30 yards. On a fake play Loomis went over for a touch which was not converted.

S. A. C., 6; T. C. S., 0.

T. C. S. kicked and Stirrett ran 15 yards. S. A. C. now bucked right down the field, but lost the ball. Securing it again on a fumble, Loomis kicked and Cayley was forced to rouge.

S. A. C., 7; T. C. S., 0.

T. C. S. opened the second period by kicking on their first down and securing the ball on a fumble. Using an onside kick they forced Cameron to rouge.

S. A. C., 7; T. C. S., 1.

Cameron made yards on an end run, but S. A. C. lost the ball on interference. S. A. C. bucked to within a foot of the touch line but failed to get over. The period ended with the score:

S. A. C., 7; T. S. C., 1.

S. A. C. kicked off and T. C. S. made yards, but lost the ball on interference. Syer bucked for yards and Loomis kicked. Cameron ran Cayley's punt, out of danger and Loomis made another

15 yards. S. A. C. lost the ball close to the touch line and Cayley kicked. On the first down Loomis kicked forcing Cayley to rouge.

S. A. C., 8; T. C. S., 1.

There was no further scoring done and the quarter ended with the ball in T. C. S. territory.

S. A. C., 8; T. C. S., 1.

T. C. S. made yards on their first down, and then kicked to Loomis who returned. Syer, who has been doing wonderful work on the line, made yards and S. A. C. kicked. T. C. S. lost the ball on interference and S. A. C., after making yards, kicked. T. C. S. fumbled and S. A. C. secured the ball and forced Cayley to rouge, twice in quick succession. Soon after the final whistle blew.

S. A. C., 10; T. C. S., 1.

NOTES.

For the losers the work of Donnelly and Foster on the line was exceptionally good.

Cayley at centre half played well also, and Nickle handled the team in fine style.

Syer's bucking was the feature of the game. It was the best exhibition in the Little Big Four this season.

Thorley and Richardson tackled well, while Cameron and Loomis played their usual good game on the half line.

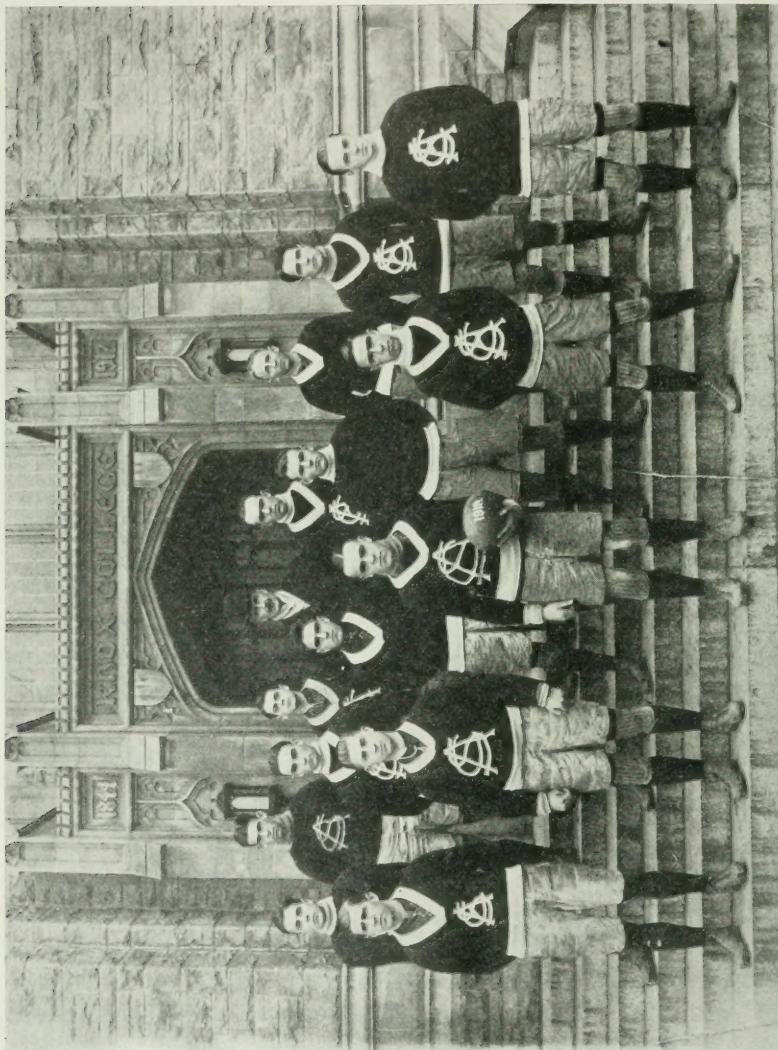
The standing in the Little Big Four is as follows:—

			Points
	Won	Lost	For Against
Ridley	3	0	66 25
St. Andrew's	2	1	30 17
T. C. S.	1	2	14 23
Upper Canada	0	3	22 67

THE MCGILL-VARSITY GAME.

On Saturday, November 1st, the four teams of the Little Big Four were the guests of Dr. MacDonald at the McGill-Varsity game. This game, one might say, had been looked forward to for years, and amidst all the old time college spirit and enthusiasm the game took place.

McGill has always had many supporters at S. A. C., and especially on this occasion, as Monte Montgomery, the captain of the McGill team, is an S. A. C. old boy.



THE SECOND TEAM.

THE SECOND TEAM.

The Second Team, this year, had a most successful season, winning all three of their games.

S. A. C. vs. Appleby I.

On Monday, Oct. 27, St. Andrew's seconds opened their season in a game with Appleby, at the latter's grounds. Our team was somewhat heavier, but had a hard fight to win the game. The teams lined up on a very wet field, which tended to make the game slow. The line up:—

S. A. C.		Appleby.
Corey	Right Scrim.	Stephen
McLeod	Centre Scrim.	Rechnitzer
Marshall	Left Scrim.	Moss
Boles	Right Inside	Hutchinson II.
McGregor	Left Inside	Hutchinson I.
Giffin	Right Middle	Gilmour
Findlay I.	Left Middle	Taperell
Pugsley	Right Outside	Patterson
Seaton	Left Outside	Edgar
Richardson	Right Half	Wadsworth
Daly	Centre Half	Northey (Capt.)
Clift I.	Left Half	Allan
Robertson II.	Flying Wing	Cates
Macpherson (Capt.)	Quarter	Thomson

Appleby won the toss and took the east goal. S. A. C. kicked off. Appleby bucked right down the field and Hutchinson went over for a try, which Northey converted.

S. A. C., 0; Appleby, 6.

S. A. C. now bucked for yards and Giffin, picking up a loose ball, went over for a touch, which was not converted.

S. A. C., 5; Appleby, 6.

The quarter ended without any further scoring.

S. A. C., 5; Appleby, 6.

S. A. C. made 25 yards on an end run, but lost the ball. Appleby kicked and S. A. C. gained on Clift's return. S. A. C. got close to the touch line on several occasions, only to lose the ball for interference. McGregor, Boles and Giffin made yards on almost every buck, but the period ended without any scoring.

S. A. C. 5; Appleby, 6.

Appleby kicked off and S. A. C. made 25 yards on an onside kike. Giffin made yards twice and S. A. C. kicked to Thompson who was forced to rouge by Richardson.

S. A. C., 6; Appleby, 6.

S. A. C. secured the ball on Appleby's kick and Macpherson kicked to the dead line.

S. A. C., 7; Appleby, 6.

In the last quarter S. A. C. began a kicking game. Clift kicked to Northey, who was forced to rouge by Seaton.

S. A. C., 8; Appleby, 6.

The ball now changed hands several times and after S. A. C. made yards twice Clift kicked a dead line making the final score.

S. A. C., 9; Appleby, 6.

For Appleby, Northey, Hutchinson I. and Allan showed up well, while for S. A. C. Bowles, McGregor and Giffin starred.

T. C. S. II. Vs. S. A. C. II.

On Wednesday, Oct. 29, the seconds met T. C. S. seconds on Varsity Campus.

Our team was far superior to the T. C. S. in every way, and we had no difficulty in winning the game by one of the largest scores made this year. The line up:—

T. C. S.		S. A. C.
Bostock	Right Scrim.	Robertson I.
Ryrie	Centre Scrim.	McLeod
Grant	Left Scrim.	Findlay I.
Fulford	Right Inside	Boles
Fisk	Left Inside	McGregor
Mulholland	Right Middle	Grayson
Phin	Left Middle	Giffin
Lazier	Right Outside	Pugsley
Hill	Left Outside	Earle I.
Macpherson	Flying Wing	Richardson
Marrill	Right Half	Bradley
Luke I.	Centre Half	Lumsden
Johnson	Left Half	Clift I.
Turner	Quarter	Macpherson

T. C. S. kicked off and Grayson bucked for 20 yards, followed by Boles, who made a touch, which Clift converted.

T. C. S., 0; S. A. C., 6.

After changing hands several times the ball was secured by S. A. C. and Boles went over for a second touch which was not converted.

T. C. S., 0; S. A. C., 11.

T. C. S. kicked and Macpherson made 10 yards, followed by Richardson for 30 yards, which resulted in a touch.

T. C. S., 0; S. A. C., 16.

There was no further scoring done in this period.

McGregor bucked for yards and S. A. C. kicked, but Trinity lost the ball. Two onside kicks by T. C. S. failed to advance them and Lumsden made a splendid 60-yard run, but lost the ball on a bad pass. On T. C. S.'s kick S. A. C. secured the ball and Grayson went over for a touch, which Clift converted.

T. C. S., 0; S. A. C., 22.

Lumsden made yards on a centre play and Giffin bucked for another 25 yards, but S. A. C. lost possession on interference. The score at half-time stood:

T. C. S., 0; S. A. C., 22.

S. A. C. kicked off but T. C. S. lots the ball on offside. Boles bucked for 15 yards and Grayson scored a touch which Clift converted.

T. C. S., 0; S. A. C., 28.

T. C. S. kicked and S. A. C. returned, securing the ball Richardson made a thirty-yard run and S. A. C. kicked forcing Trinity to rouge.

T. C. S., 0; S. A. C., 29.

McGregor bucked for 25 yards, which brought us close to the touchline and Richardson went around the end for a touch, which Clift converted.

T. C. S., 0; S. A. C., 35.

T. C. S. kicked and Grayson got away for a long run, adding another touch, which was converted.

The period ended without further scoring.

T. C. S., 0; S. A. C., 41.

On our third down Giffin bucked for 25 yards, securing a touch which was converted.

T. C. S., 0; S. A. C., 47.

S. A. C. bucked down to the quarter way line, but lost the ball on a fumble. T. C. S. kicked and S. A. C. returned. Richardson picking up the fumble and getting over for another touch, which was converted.

T. C. S., 0; S. A. C., 53.

T. C. S. kicked and after Boles had bucked for 35 yards, Grayson went the remaining fifteen for a try, which was converted.

T. C. S., 0; S. A. C., 59.

T. C. S. kicked on their third down and just before the final whistle Clift kicked a field goal making the final score,

T. C. S., 0; S. A. C., 62.

NOTES.

For the losers Fulford and Lazier on the line, got in some good work, while the half line worked hard to keep down the score.

Grayson's bucking was a feature of the game, while Boles, Giffin and McGregor also bucked well.

S. A. C. II. Vs. U. T. S. II.

On Thursday, Nov. 6, our seconds played U. T. S., at Rosedale. The teams were very evenly matched, but the splendid way in which Macpherson handled his team was in no small way responsible for our victory. The line up:—

S. A. C.	U. T. S.
Robertson I.	Right Scrim
McLeod	Centre Scrim.
Findlay I.	Left Scrim.
Boles	Right Inside
McGregor	Left Inside
Grayson	Right Middle
Giffin	Left Middle
Marshall	Right Outside
Crowther	Left Outside
Robertson II.	Flying Wing
Daly	Right Half
Lumsdem	Centre Half
Clift I.	Left Half
Macpherson (Capt.)	Quarter

S. A. C. won the toss and U. T. S. kicked off, S. A. C. returning the ball. On a fake play Daly made a splendid run of 35 yards, followed by Robertson II. for 20 yards, but S. A. C. lost the ball on interference. U. T. S. bucked to within 10 yards of our line when Reid went over for a touch, which was not converted. This ended the first quarter.

S. A. C., 0; U. T. S., 5.

S. A. C. opened the second quarter by scoring a touch as the result of Daly's long run.

S. A. C., 5; U. T. S., 5.

U. T. S. kicked and S. A. C. made yards on an end run. S. A. C. kicked and McLeod secured the ball near U. T. S. goal line, from where Grayson went over for a try which was not converted.

S. A. C., 10; U. T. S., 5.

U. T. S. kicked off and when S. A. C. lost the ball on interference, Reid went over for his second touch, which was not converted.

S. A. C., 10; U. T. S., 10.

S. A. C. kicked off and the ball was returned. On the third down Clift kicked to the dead line.

S. A. C., 11; U. T. S. 10.

S. A. C. failed to make yards and U. T. S. secured the ball. Their attempted kick was blocked and Daly picking up a loose ball went over for a touch which was not converted.

S. A. C., 16; U. T. S., 10.

S. A. C. returned the kick and secured the ball on U. T. S. kick, Grayson making yards. S. A. C. kicked and when U. T. S. made an unsuccessful attempt to do likewise, Boles picked up the ball and scored another touch. The third period ended with the score,

S. A. C., 21; U. T. S., 10.

The third period was a kicking game and when S. A. C. lost the ball on interference U. T. S. kicked to the dead line. This was the only scoring done in this period and the game ended.

S. A. C., 21; U. T. S., 11.

NOTES.

For the losers Reid was the star, while Plaxton and Jarvis also played well.

Daly's running was a feature of the game. Crowther and Robertson II. tackled well and Clift did some good kicking.

THE THIRD TEAM.

S. A. C. III vs. U. C. C. III.

The third team has had a most successful season this year, winning all its games.

The thirds opened the season on October 21, when they played U. C. C. on the latter's grounds. U. C. C. won the toss and S. A. C. kicked off. S. A. C. took some time to get accustomed to things,

during which time U. C. C. scored two deadlines in quick succession, followed by a touch which was converted, making the score at the end of the first quarter: S. A. C., 0; U. C. C., 8.

S. A. C. woke up in this quarter, and after forcing two rouges, Sloan ran the length of the field for a touch, which was converted, making the score at half-time eight all.

In the third period both teams scored a touch, but U. C. C. did not succeed in converting theirs. Sloan was responsible for our touch, running half the length of the field.

The last period saw Sloan, who has been playing a wonderful game, go over for another touch, which was converted, making the final score S. A. C., 20; U. C. C., 13.



THE THIRD TEAM

LAKE LODGE *vs.* S. A. C. III.

On October 11th, the team from Lake Lodge School, Grimsby, journeyed to S. A. C., but were unfortunate enough to have a motor accident on the way, which weakened their team considerably, and we had to give them three men.

The game was played on a wet field, which tended to make it slow. In the first few minutes of play Sloan kicked a dead line, and soon after Bradley went over for a touch, which was not converted. This was the only scoring done in the first half, and when the whistle blew the score was six to nothing in our favor.

In the second half Sloan kicked another dead line, and also scored a touch, which Findley converted. The final whistle found S. A. C. victorious by the score of thirteen to nothing.

In the return game with Lake Lodge, which was played October 25, the score was very close, and it is chiefly due to Sloan's kicking that S. A. C. won the game. Gould made our only touch on a long run. Good playing was almost impossible, as the field was more like a swimming pool than a rugby field. S. A. C. succeeded in winning the game by ten points to six.

T. C. S. vs. S. A. C. III.

On November 5th, T. C. S. III. played S. A. C. III. on Varsity campus. The game was a rather one-sided one, as S. A. C. had a far superior team, which was well handled by Findley.

In the first quarter T. C. S. were forced to rouge, and after Findley had run 30 yards Sloan went another 25 scoring a touch, which was not converted. Soon after Findley, following a long run by Earle went over for a touch, which he also converted, making the score, T. C. S 0, S. A. C. 12.

In the second period Findley kicked a field goal and Gould, picking up a loose ball, went over for a try, which was converted. Before the half-time whistle blew Lyon scored another touch for S. A. C., which Findley converted, making the score, T. C. S. 0, S. A. C. 26.

The second half found T. C. S. unable to check at all, and we scored almost at will. In this half Findley, besides kicking a field goal, showed judgment in the handling of his team, which was in no small way accounted for the large score piled up against Trinity. The final score was, T. C. S. 0, S. A. C. 41.

The following were granted third team colours: Findley III. (Capt.), Skeaff (Manager), Sloan, Lyon, Earle II., Reynolds, Gould, Ferguson, Ellis I., Marshall, Seaton, Corey, Carrick II., Lumbers, King, Cameron II., Hillary, Sissons.

THE FOURTH TEAM.

This being the first time in a number of years that the school has had a fourth team, we were naturally anxious to see what success it would have. The fourth's played two games, both of them with U. C. C. In the first game, after playing ten minutes' overtime, we succeeded in winning by the score of 8-7. For the losers Bech was the star, while Denovan, Robertson III., and Patterson III. played well for S. A. C.

The second game was to have been played on the campus, but as it was not available we had to play at U. C. C. The ground was in poor condition for rugby, as it had rained all morning. This game resulted in a win for U. C. C. by the close score of one to nothing. The score is a fair indication of the play, and there is very little difference in the two teams. For S. A. C. Mount and Robertson played well, while Cooper of U. C. C. gave a fine exhibition of ball-carrying.

The following were granted Fourth Team colours: Lewis (Capt.), Black, Calvert, Patterson III., Wills, Robertson III., Clift II., Mount, Grant I., Home, Terryberry, Plaunt, Boyd, Dayment, Schroeder, Denovan, McKay.



THE FOURTH TEAM

THE FIFTH TEAM.

The Fifth Team had hard luck in losing in their only game which was played with Upper Canada College. One man on the U. C. C., by his fast running, was responsible for the result, which was: U. C. C., 2; S. A. C., 0.

The following were granted Fifth Team colours: Gordon (Capt.), Anderson, Robinson, Curry, Buckley, Ashenhurst, Avila, Meek, Calaghan, Easton, Hutchings II., Temple, Tucker, Fisher I., Howard.

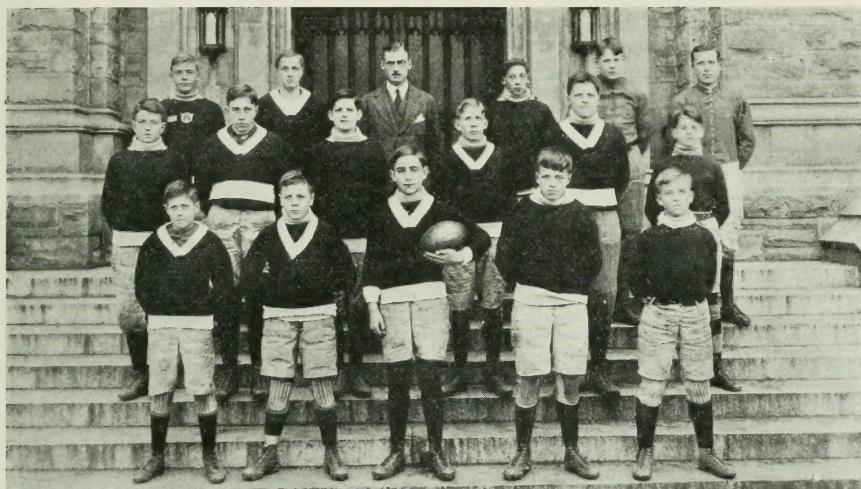
MY FIRST IMPRESSION OF THE LOWER SCHOOL.

MURCHISON II.

When I first reached the entrance of our pleasant residence I looked up with a feeling of awe and profound respect for the beautiful building which, for a few months at least, was to be my home.

I was conducted to the Lower School and incidentally was informed that it would be my headquarters for a time, and a room was assigned me.

I began to unpack and was putting away my things when a boy with a broad grin pushed himself in and held up his arm to display his muscle. "I'll guarantee a dollar I can lay you cold," was the introduction I received, and with the same broad grin he departed.



FIRST LOWER SCHOOL TEAM

The questions they asked! Do you come from Ottawa? What's your name? How old are you? Where do you come from? Are you going to camp next year? I answered all their questions very politely, and I began to think they were a nice lot, with a good inclination toward outdoor sport. At nine o'clock one of the masters came in and, before turning out the lights, told me not to talk, and also to get up at 7.15 the following morning. He added that he hoped I wouldn't make any noise whatever before the rising bell because his room was next and he might hear me!

I was rated as a Fourth Form boy and found the work entirely interesting and instructive.

Not long ago some of the Upper School boys told me they would like to hear me sing, and so I went (willingly) into a room in the centre house and sang a very fine Spanish ballad for them entitled "Oomdi-Oomdi-ay Boys," but I don't think they appreciated good music or they wouldn't have kicked me out.

During my short stay here I have learned a little about Canadian rugby. My star play is to make a line plunge with my head down like a real rugby player. But the quarter used to forget to give me the ball.

Boarding school life is not entirely what one would think if he had received his impressions from "Chums." We do not play jokes on masters as the naughty boys do in those stories.



THE CAPTAINS

LOWER SCHOOL RUGBY.

W. A. BEER.

S. A. C. LOWER SCHOOL I. vs. MODEL.

The Lower School first team met Model in a practice game on Friday, October 10th. The game started at four o'clock on the Model grounds, under ideal weather conditions.

First Quarter—

Model had the kick-off. Sweetman took the ball and ran to the half line. The game went well for Model in the first quarter. Their back play was excellent, but our line bucking was strong and broke up their kicks and caused interferences in their ranks. They made a dead-line kick. Model 1, S. A. C. 0.

Second Quarter—

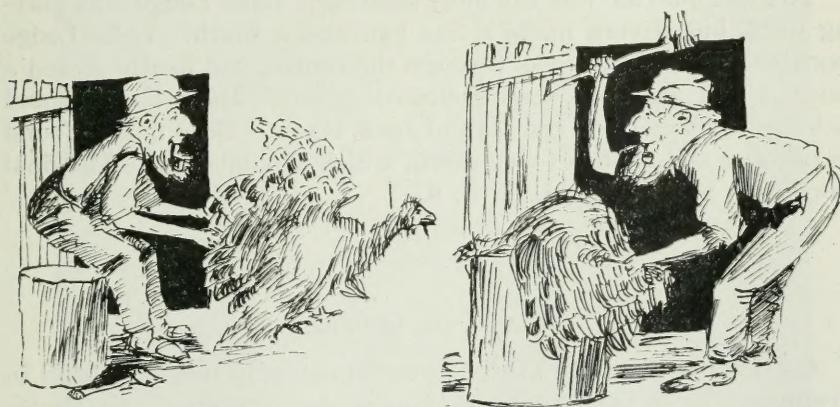
Sweetman outkicked Model and the red and white crept up to their quarter line and got a dead-line kick. Half-time score, 1-1.

Third Quarter—

S. A. C. kicked off and tackled Model on their ten-yard line. Model lost possession for interference, and Sweetman, through a series of bucks through the line scored a touch, which was not converted. Model kicked off and soon made a second dead-line. S. A. C. lost by interference and Model kicked past S. A. C. touch line, but lost their advantage by Rivera's splendid running. Three-quarter time score, S. A. C. 6, Model 2.

Fourth Quarter—

A few minutes after play commenced Model forced a rouge. A kicking contest began in which Sweetman's long kicking was an advantage, and a kick to the dead-line was scored for S. A. C. On scrummaging at the quarter line the ball was brought to centre, but S. A. C. got possession. Ault made a twenty-five-yard end run. Sweetman bucked for yards, and on the second down made another touch which Beer converted. Final score, S. A. C. 13, Model 3.



CHRISTMAS FROM THE TURKEY'S POINT OF VIEW.

Tails I win.

Heads I lose.

S. A. C. LOWER SCHOOL vs. LAKE LODGE.

The trip to Grimsby on October 15, provided the Lower School team with one of its best games of the year, and together with the spoils of a victory, they enjoyed the hospitality of the Lake Lodge School, which made the whole a very glorious day indeed. The game commenced at two o'clock under a sky of blue and on a turf so soft that even the right inside wing was not particular where he fell.

First Quarter—

Lake Lodge kicked off and the ball hit right scrim on the chest and bounced away, Lake Lodge gaining possession, but lost on interference. S. A. C. played an open game all the way through, and by a fake play Beer easily made a touch which was not converted. Quarter time S. A. C. 5, L. L. S. 0.

Second Quarter—

The ball went up and down the field repeatedly, each team playing loosely. They were evenly matched in weight. Neither team succeeded in scoring during the second quarter, and the score at half time remained, S. A. C. 5, L. L. S. 0.

Third Quarter—

S. A. C. kicked off, L. L. S. ran to the half line and gained yards, but lost possession on the first down. S. A. C. bucked for yards. Rivera made an end run for yards. Reid got away for a touch and the score at three-quarter time was, S. A. C. 10, L. L. S. 0.

Fourth Quarter—

The last quarter was the most exciting. Lake Lodge was playing hard, but Rivera made a fine run and a touch. Lake Lodge repeatedly gained by bucks through the centre, and finally scored a touch, and a dead-line score followed closely. Hard bucking and tackling characterized the play of both teams. Beer finally found an opening and made a touch down, which he converted. The final score was, S. A. C. 21, L. L. S. 6.

S. A. C. vs. MODEL.

On October 22nd the First Lower School team met the Model in a return game on the Varsity Campus at eleven thirty, S. A. C. winning the toss chose the south end. Model kicked off and Reid was tackled on the quarter line. Failing to gain yards S. A. C. kicked

and opposed Model at the half line. On an end run Rivera broke through, intercepted a pass and ran seventy yards for a touch. Beer converted. Quarter time score S. A. C. 6, Model 0.

Second Quarter—

During the second quarter Munroe, by several long runs, reached the quarter line, but was forced back again by Sweetman's splendid kicking, which soon gained a dead line. Model's line could not hold and their star half-back and captain, Monroe, was not able to kick. Just before half time S. A. C. got a dead-line. Half time score S. A. C. 7, Model 0.

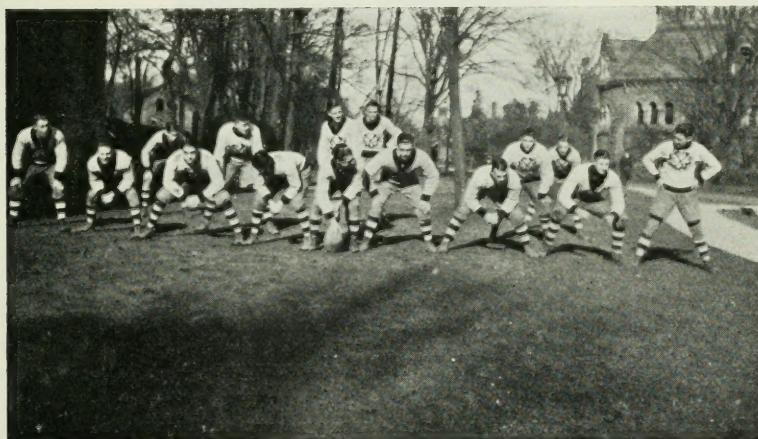
Third Quarter—

S. A. C. kicked off, Model failed to gain yards. S. A. C. gained yards twice, and by a series of bucks Sweetman scored a touch which Beer failed to convert. Three-quarter time score S. A. C. 12, Model 0.

Fourth Quarter—

Model broke through the line with a determination to score. Monroe was off for a touch when Sweetman tackled him and dislocated his shoulder, and was unable to play for the rest of the season. Nevertheless, before leaving the field he scored a field goal making the final score S. A. C. 15, Model 0.

Owing to Sweetman's misfortune, the team lost, for the remainder of the season, its best player in the back division. A few changes were made, however, and the loss was to a great extent overcome.



THE FIRST TEAM LINED UP.

S. A. C. LOWER SCHOOL FIRST XIV. *vs.* HIGHFIELD.

(RETURN GAME.)

On Tuesday, November 4th, the Lower School team met Highfield in a return game at Hamilton. The field was very wet and slippery, but the weather was good. Highfield took the kick-off. Gore caught the ball and ran it to the half line. S. A. C. failed to make yards, and gave the ball to Highfield. Heaven immediately broke through S. A. C. line and made a touch for Highfield. S. A. C. kicked off and reversed the play, scoring a touch-down. Highfield was playing heavier men than in the previous game, but, nevertheless, Rivera succeeded in scoring a second touch before half-time, leaving S. A. C. ahead 10-5.

There was much kicking done, and Highfield finally fell on the ball behind S. A. C. touch line, making the score tie—10-10.

This woke S. A. C. up, and after hard work Rivera made a third touch-down. Highfield tried hard but could not make another point. The final score was 15-10 for S. A. C.



The first of the 2nd generation at S.A.C.
WARREN DUNFIELD.

S. A. C. LOWER SCHOOL FIRST XIV. vs. HIGHFIELD.

Highfield came to play the Lower School on Saturday, Oct. 27th. The game was put off from morning till afternoon, and in the meantime it rained very hard, leaving the playing field almost completely submerged, but, nevertheless, the game was played off. S.A.C. outweighed their opponents, and in the first quarter scored about three touch-downs. In the second quarter they did likewise. In the third quarter S. A. C. scored four touch-downs, and in the fourth quarter about two more, the final score being S. A. C. 61, Highfield 0.

LOWER SCHOOL FOURTEEN vs. TRINITY COLLEGE.

On the same day as the Upper School played and won against T. C. S. first team the Lower School won their sixth and last victory against the T. C. S. Lower School. The weather was fine and the field in good condition. T. C. S. took the kick off. S. A. C. outweighed their opponents and were soon able to make a touch down. In the first quarter Herchmer and Rivera scored for S. A. C., and Beer converted one touch. At the beginning of the second quarter T. C. S. broke away for a touch down, but failed to convert. However, before half time Rivera and MacMurtry had scored for S. A. C., and Beer had converted one touch down.

During the third quarter Rivera and Beer made touch downs for S. A. C., one of which Beer converted, leaving the score at the beginning of the fourth quarter 33-5 for St. Andrew's.

T. C. S. played well and hard, but the game was rather one-sided, and before the final whistle blew Rivera had made another touch down, which was successfully converted, and Beer had kicked a drop over the goal posts making the final score 42-5 for St. Andrew's.

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

On Friday, November 28th, Mrs. Macdonald gave a Hallowe'en party for the Lower School. The evening was spent in the gymnasium, playing games, and performing many antics. The well-filled tables of apples and oranges and many other good things went a long way to make the evening a very enjoyable one.

V. A. MARCH.

EXCHANGES.

We wish to acknowledge, with thanks, the following exchanges:
The College Times—Upper Canada College, Toronto.

Acadia Athenaeum—Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.

The University of Toronto Monthly.

The Excelsior—Ingersoll Collegiate Institute.

Macdonald College Magazine—Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec.

Vox Lycei—Ottawa Collegiate Institute.

Stanstead College Magazine—Stanstead, Quebec.

The Albanian—St. Alban's, Brockville.

The Chronicle—Niagara Falls High School, N. Y.

The College Times.—A few more stories would improve your now very fine magazine.

Acadia Athenaeum.—Your magazine shows real college spirit, and it is very well edited.

University of Toronto Monthly.—Is all that might be desired.

The Excelsior, Ingersoll Collegiate Institute.—A very well gotten-up magazine. We would suggest a few more cuts to add to the appearance of your magazine.

The Albanian, St. Alban's, Brockville.—You have a wonderful war record, and your magazine is full of school news, but, a larger number of articles written by some of the students would improve it.

The Chronicle, Niagara Falls High School.—A new exchange which has earned a warm welcome from the Review. Full of school news and is well proportioned.

Vox Lycei.—Add a table of contents and your magazine is everything that might be desired.

Macdonald College Magazine.—One of our best exchanges, and we are sure your articles are highly interesting to those interested in such things.

Stanstead College Magazine.—Your Honour Roll is a great credit to your college and your memorial number is a great credit to those connected with it.

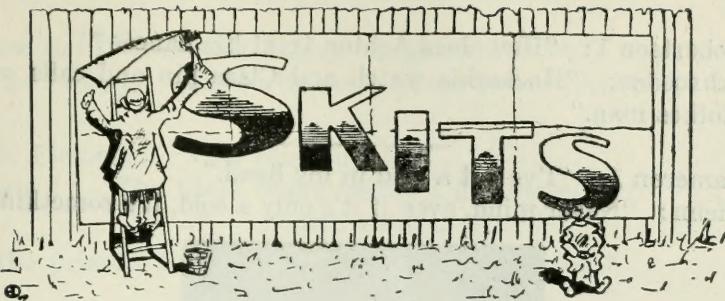
Jamie stole a penny,

And to jail he was sent.

The jury said, "Not guilty,"

So Jamie was in a cent (innocent).

—Teddy Roosevelt Reynolds.



Calvert, the little shaver: "Who shaves down more than I?"

"She held out her hand, and the young man took it and departed."

"A bird in the hand is permissible if you have no knife and fork."

"Many old enough to know better, wish they were young enough not to."

Master: "We shall now learn some of the lesser animals in order—beginning with Mount."

Boyd: "Why does a donkey eat thistles?"

Chalker: "Because it is a perfect ass."

Patronize the hotel Bolsheviki: two thousand rooms and a bath."

Peene: "Sissons is always thinking of himself."

Richardson: "In that way he avoids having much on his mind."

Master: "Birds of a feather, do what?"

Blauvelt: "Lay eggs, sir."

Mr. Findlay: "In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as 'fail.'"

Clift 1: "Would it not be advisable to draw the attention of the publishers to the omission?"

"Marriage makes them one—but which won?"

Robertson I: "How does Ashton treat his fiancée?"

Schroeder: "Hocks his watch and Class pin and calls on the old clothes man."

Cameron 1: "I've got a cold in my head."

Glenn: "Never mind, even if it's only a cold, it's something."



DUDLEY ROSS
Captain-elect of McGill I.

Richardson: "The Germans are saying they won the war, now."

Carson: "All Boche, friend, all Boche!"

Schroeder: "Humble as I am, remember that I am a fraction of this magnificent Empire."

Knetchel: "You are, indeed, and a vulgar one at that."

New Boy: "Yes, dad, I am a big gun at school."

Wise Father: "Then why don't I hear better reports?"

Mr. Fleming: "Why are you late?"

Cowie 1: "The Class began before I got there, sir."

"The price of leather is going up, lift your feet."

Col. Taylor: "Now, Robins, who was Louis XV?"

Robins: "I'm not sure, sir, but I think he made our library furniture."

Mr. Magee: "What are you doing, Carson? Learning anything?"

Carson: "No sir, listening to you, sir."

Mr. Goodman: "What is hard water?"

Giffin: "Ice, sir."

Cameron 1 (to girl friend): "If I were far, far away, could you love me still?"

Girl friend: "Why, Cameron, the farther away you are, the better I shall love you."

Mr. Robinson: "What is the future of 'do'?"

Ferguson: "Bread, sir."

Stirrett: "After all, it's a true saying, that 'He laughs best who laughs last.'"

Glenn: "No, the true saying is, 'He laughs best whose laugh lasts.'"

Cameron 1: "What tense do I use when I say I am handsome?"

Leckie: "The remote past."

A quartette is where four men think that the other three can't sing.

Mount: "I'm a little stiff from rugby."

Supple: "Where did you say you were from?"

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Down in the quad, the Cadet Corps
Are drilling in the sun,
The uniforms are spick and span,
And shining every gun.
The shadows of the schoolhouse towers,
Slant on the shapely crew,
As up and down the quad they go,
Together two by two.
Then up the street they march away,
Led by the bugle band.
And we can smile, and proudly say,
It's the best one in the land.
Oh! make their spirit brave and bold,
As theirs who went before
On this first turnout of the year
Of St. Andrew's kilted corps.

Buckley: "That's a man-o'-war."

Tucker: "What's the small one?"

Buckley: "That's only a tug."

Tucker: "Oh, yes, of course, tug-of-war—I've heard of them."

Dr. H——: "You certainly look better. You must have followed my advice and had a change?"

Earl 1: "Yes, sir, I have."

Dr. H——: "What did you do?"

Earle 1: "Had another doctor."

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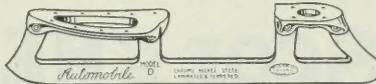
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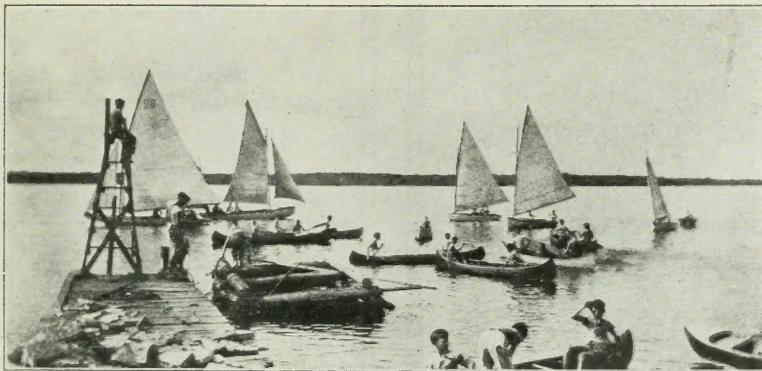
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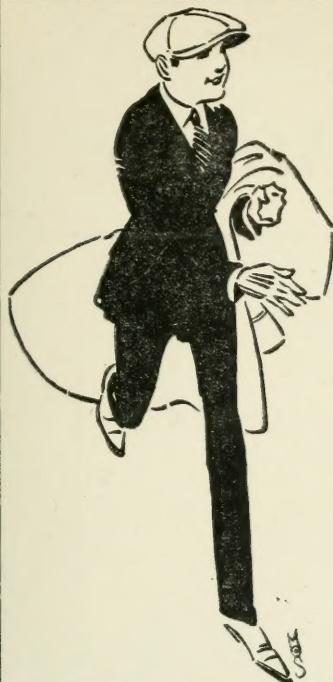
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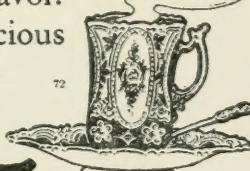
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